

# GRAIL



MARCH, 1945

# The Grail

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## THE GRAIL

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# Understanding the G.I.

Anne Tansey

**T**HERE is a serious situation developing in this country. Men and women in uniforms and many of their very close loved ones are turning bitterly against the average civilian who has profited by, but has not been hurt by, the war. The longer the war lasts, the more the servicemen are required to sacrifice and to suffer, the more intensely this bitterness will grow.

All too many persons have neither sympathy nor understanding for the problems of servicemen and their families. They collect their big salaries, buy fur coats and diamonds and pay off their mortgages without giving a thought to the wife of a soldier, sailor, or marine who is struggling along trying to bring up two, three, or often more children on the meager allowance paid them by the Government. It is meager when one compares it with the salaries of war workers and considers the rising cost of living.

The soldiers in the barracks, in the fox holes, the sailors on the ships, all know that such injustices exist. Together with worry over the home folks there is a growing suspicion in all too many servicemen's minds that they are being, or will be, sacrificed for the good of the nation in battle and then may be offered up on the altar of economy after the fighting is all over. They thought their sacrifices were appreciated. In all too many instances they are not, and the servicemen know it. They had a dream in their hearts when they left home, that they would come back as respected heroes. Instead now, it appears that they will return as invaders, or beggars for jobs. They are going to be considered a problem. They suspect the fact that while they are sacrificing everything abroad, that life is being enjoyed to its fullest extent here at home.

Many, many civilians resent the soldiers, believing that they are re-

Mr. H. C. McGinnis has generously yielded this space to Miss Anne Tansey, whose message is timely and important, and will give joy to the heart of every soldier's dear ones at home. "Between the Lines" will appear again next month on these pages.

ceiving too many benefits for their service. G.I. Joe thinks the opposite. While the G.I.'s are still overseas it is a good time for the civilian population to examine consciences and lay plans for understanding the men who will come home, bitter, disillusioned, having killed too many men to ever feel ease again. We must make sure that they are welcomed home! Not just tolerated, or resented as a necessary evil.

**O**PTIMISTS prefer to believe there is no question of a chasm rising between the serviceman and the civilian. Such optimists do not have sufficient contact with G.I.'s or they would know differently. Last August in the *Writer's Digest* there was an article entitled "God's Gift of Words," written by a man who should and does know G.I. Joe and what he is thinking of. The writer is Major Arthur J. Burks, U.S.M.C. In the article he pleads with writers who have been blessed with God's gift of words to use that gift by striving to close up the dangerous gap which he says is developing between our servicemen and civilians. Writers should and must try to reconcile the two elements so that harmony will exist in our postwar world. In the column "Letters to the Editors" in metropolitan newspapers, every once in a while G.I. Joe expresses himself, not in elegant language but in quite forceful terms.

One only needs to have a slight bit of imagination to fully appreciate the horrible situation that could develop by having fifteen million,

grim-lipped, discontented, resentful men and women come back home. It can happen. The youngster who left with a laugh on his lips may not come back that way. He may have looked on scenes no human being had ever been expected or intended to look on in the way of barbarity. If these boys, turned into men too soon, are given the proper sympathy and help at home, chaos and internal dissension can be avoided. Otherwise anything can happen.

In order to understand the G.I. we must first probe into his feelings and try to discover the nature of things that has caused him disillusionment with life. His first fear is that the sacrifices he makes will not be appreciated. He remembers the last World War and the treatment of veterans when the shooting was all over. He feels the civilians take his victories over the enemy for granted. They fail to realize when a strip of ground is taken from the enemy the hardships and pain that went into the campaign, the gruelling training and then the real thing. He pays a high purchase price for even the slightest gain. The people at home are disappointed because he doesn't make swifter progress.

The G.I. feels that civilians take casualties all too lightly. No one grieves as he does over buddies whom he has had to leave behind on foreign battlefields, no one but the victims' own dear ones. The folks at home could not grieve. If they did they would not go on strike merely for higher pay when he and his buddies are desperately in need of supplies with which to carry on the war. Management and labor have, according to many published accounts used the war effort as a battle ground for struggling for supremacy, while his comrades died. Not all management and labor sabotaged the war effort. If they did we couldn't have won the war. Enough of them did to cause

a bad taste in G.I. Joe's mouth. When he returns home and studies statistics he will realize the magnificent production record achieved by united management and labor. Until he does come to realize it he will feel let down. Arguing with him won't convince him. He will have to wait until he cools off and discovers facts for himself.

**THE WORST** idea of all in G.I.

Joe's list of complaints against home folks is the feeling that he isn't wanted at home. He feels that the average citizen is unconcerned with how long a term he must serve in exile. This has been proven wrong by the indignation that sprang up when General Hershey spoke of keeping men in the armed forces as cheaply as if they had to be paid unemployment compensation. But G.I. Joe hasn't been allowed to hear of any issues on which the election was hinged. However, it is to be remembered the storm of protest arose from the relatives of Servicemen. Others are not really concerned. There is the woman who said callously to her daughter and a friend, "The longer your husbands are away the fewer children you will have." There was another who said fearfully, "I dread the thought of the soldiers coming home. Youth is so noisy. I enjoy the quiet while they are away."

There are those who cast aspersions on the serviceman who was drafted into the service through Selective Service. The soldier remembers how drafted men and volunteers fought alongside each other with grim tenacity.

Nor does it lift the morale of the soldier to be told that every friend and relative he ever had is higher in rank than he is, after he has carried out his duties to the best of his abilities. Folks at home do not understand that in some outfits promotions come fast and in some they are almost non-existent. And to the soldier who has not as yet been sent overseas all and sundry whom he meets ask with suspicion, "Why aren't you overseas?" The obvious answer, "Because I wasn't sent yet," may help his pride but there is a wound where that dagger struck. No Serviceman has any say about where he is stationed, nor to what duty he

is assigned. Yet civilians torment him as though he were deliberately remaining at home through cowardice. He knows he will go over in time. There is the matter of shipping. There is the matter of reserves. At home the soldier confides with hurt in his tones, "It seems people can't get me killed fast enough." His faith in human nature has received a hard blow. Too many such blows can lead to dangerous cynicism. Just because one boy on a street is killed is no reason for tormenting a living soldier because he isn't dead too.

**THE RETURNING** soldier is bursting to tell of adventures he had and the terrible scenes he witnessed, but he isn't given opportunity to unburden himself because folks at home are too busy telling him how they have suffered under price control and rationing. He is told gasoline rationing was not necessary. It was only a governmental device with which to torture citizens. The Soldier may have seen planes grounded where they were most needed because of a scarcity of gasoline.

Other well-meaning, but senseless people take delight in deluging the soldier and sailor with accounts of their immense salaries and the size of their bank accounts. G.I. Joe gave up his job that would be paying well now to fight for his country with only Fifty Dollars a month for compensation. He had to give up his education, if he was young, or the most productive years of his life if he was older. There are no bank accounts for G.I. Joe to fall back on during postwar depressions or years of readjustment.

What the soldier doesn't know is that only a minority of the people at home are making fabulous salaries. Many are going into debt because their salaries cannot match the high cost of living that keeps rising steadily. This fact isn't stressed in the public press while the fabulous salaries are. Discharged soldiers have already discovered that all is not gold that glitters. In too many cases, if he suffers a disability, he remembers he was really farther ahead while in the army where his needs were cared for.

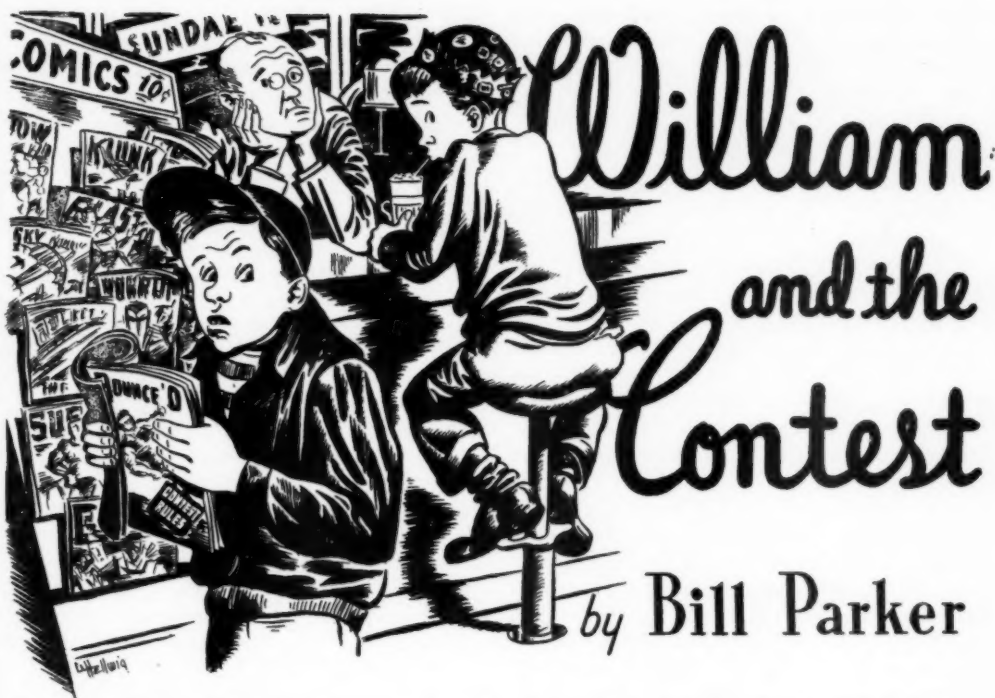
If all these things were imaginary or parts of a bad dream they could be dismissed, but they aren't. Isolated no one of them would amount to much but as they accumulate and multiply they can do a great deal of damage to the morale of our homecoming soldier. Civilians must learn to realize that some men are keenly sensitive. There are pilots who worry because of the destruction they have caused. There are soldiers who shrink from the knowledge that they have taken human life. The cure isn't in telling them crossly to "forget about it." It isn't easy to forget some things.

The disgrace of the "soldier vote" in many states hurt while it lasted but now with the election over it may be forgotten. It didn't help any, however, in dissipating the G.I.'s grievances.

**THE LAST** and most important phase of the whole problem of reconciliatory harmony is yet to come. It is to be hoped it will not be fumbled with ensuring results of a dire nature. That is the matter of jobs for soldiers. G.I. Joe can take a great deal in the service of his country, but if ever he suspects that he is to be kept in service a week longer so that a stay-at-home can remain in his job, there is no telling what repercussions may occur. G.I. Joe thinks he has earned a job and he wants his pay. Many of them left positions which they had gained after years of hard labor. They want their job back.

With vision, foresight, justice, and understanding our employment problems can be worked out. Makeshift policies won't do. Sacrificing one class of citizen for another won't do. The soldier has been sacrificed once. He won't submit to sacrifice a second time. Let some other fellow do the sacrificing, he thinks. I did mine in France, in Italy, or in the Pacific. We civilians will have to do our sacrificing when the shooting stops. We had it rather easy while G.I. Joe slept in muddy fox holes, under artillery fire, and in the sky shivering from the impact of flak. It isn't enough to give the soldier and sailor justice. He deserves gratitude and it will pay huge dividends if he gets it. Everyone likes gratitude for sacrifices.





ATURDAY was a joyous day for William. According to his figures there were twenty six hours of freedom from the world of arithmetic and English that adults demanded a ten-year-old future baseball star endure from Monday through Friday. These figures were based on rising at six and securing permission to stay up until the late hour of eight. Naturally sleeping time and the hour wasted listening to a Sunday sermon didn't count.

Making his regular Saturday morning bee-line for Moore's Drug Store William was debating whether a chocolate malted or gum drops would be the more sensible investment when a familiar shout rang out.

"Hey, William! Wait for me"—Joe Edge had spent his allowance early and was now depending on William's generosity with gum drops.

"I'm getting a chocolate malted this week," declared William shrewdly. "You can watch me drink it though."

"Oh," said Joe. "Well, I'll read Mr. Moore's comic books till you get through."

William sipped his malted and Joe wandered over to the magazine rack to catch the latest adventure

of Bounce 'O, the rubber man. Usually he reported Bounce 'O's progress to William, but this Saturday Joe was unusually quiet.

"What's happening to Bounce 'O?" asked William, who gloried in his ability to make a malted last twenty minutes.

"Nothing," said Joe, attempting to conceal his excitement. "He's still bouncing over the 'Lantic Ocean with no place to land."

"They won't let him drown," said William. "Say, Joe, when I get through, let's go down to the Death's Head Club and make some new rules."

"I've gotta go home first," said Joe, putting Bounce 'O as far up on the rack as he could reach. "I'll be over as soon as I bring in some coal."

William wondered what was wrong with Joe. He never brought in coal until after supper. The malted was drained quickly. William knew Bounce 'O, the rubber man, figured in it somehow.

Mr. Moore watched as William added his share of smudges to the comic book. "Can I dare hope that someday one of you boys will buy a magazine?" he sighed.

"No, sir," said William, who believed in the truth. "What's the use of buying 'em when we can look at 'em for nothing?"

In a matter of seconds William understood why Joe had vanished so suddenly. Mr. Moore was

rendered speechless at William's proposal. "Mr. Moore," he said, "I've spent my allowance for this week, but I'll buy Bounce 'O, if you'll let me pay you next Saturday?"

"I don't believe it," managed Mr. Moore.

"Cross my heart," said William.

"I'm not worried about that, William. I just never thought I'd live to see the day. Go ahead and take it. You can have it for half price. Everybody else in town has read it anyway."

"Gee thanks," said William, who then flew homeward before Joe managed to scrape up a dime.

William was glad his parents were gone for the weekend. Only Lillybelle, the cook, remained and he could usually depend on her cooperation by offering to help write a letter to her railroad man.

"Lillybelle, I'll help you write your railroad man if you can keep a secret." William kept Bounce 'O in his pocket until the bargain was made."

"It ain't about another show?" asked Lillybelle cautiously. "Your Ma tol' me you is through with making dogs into lions and tigers."

"This ain't a show," said William. "Do you promise?"

Lillybelle hesitated, but her railroad man had been letterless for two weeks. "I reckon," she said. "But that letter get writ before you git outa the house."

William was satisfied. He pulled Bounce 'O out of his pocket and turned to page two. "Look! They'll give me a shetland pony just for thinking of some way Bounce 'O can get across the ocean. He's falling fast and unless he finds something to bounce on he'll drown."

"That is sumpin'!" exclaimed Lillybelle, who had faith in William's powers of imagination if nothing else. "Where you gonna keep that pony?"

"In the garage," said William. "Where else would I keep it?"

"Your Pa ain't gonna like that pony roosting around his car," said Lillybelle. "No suh! He sho ain't gonna like that."

William sensed danger. "You promised," he said. "After the pony gets here they'll have to let me keep him."

"I sho sticks my neck out for you," sighed Lillybelle. "I'll keep quiet, but when that pony and your Pa gets to going round and round, don't tell 'em I knowed it was coming. Else you'll be eating somebody else's cooking."

William decided to strengthen Lillybelle's friendship by writing the railroad man a letter before figuring out some way to get Bounce 'O across the ocean. This done he retired to the living room

with paper and pencil. The contest rules were stated as follows:

**CAN YOU SAVE BOUNCE 'O?**  
In 100 words or less tell how Bounce 'O  
can bounce while over the ocean and  
thereby reach the United States  
from England.

**FIRST PRIZE**

A REAL LIVE SHETLAND PONY

**SECOND PRIZE**

A 'SPEED SPECIAL' RACER'S WAGON  
**ONE HUNDRED THIRD PRIZES OF**  
GENUINE 'BOUNCE 'O' SECRET SERVICE BADGES  
WINNERS ANNOUNCED BY MAIL FOUR WEEKS  
FROM NOW.

**DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE THIS COUPON PROVING YOU READ 'BOUNCE 'O' WHEN YOU SEND IN YOUR CONTEST ENTRY!**

"This oughta be easy," confided William to the disinterested living room furniture. "Now he'll sink if he tries to bounce on the water, so I'll have to think of something else."

By supper time William was aware that getting Bounce 'O to the United States was taking up his weekend. Not that he doubted the Shetland Pony was as good as in the garage, but Bounce 'O had to have something to bounce on and he just hadn't thought of it yet.

Lillybelle, in a good frame of mind since her railroad man's letter was finished, served William his favorite ground steak and let him spread on peanut butter. "Has you got Bounce 'O across yet or is you still thinking?"

"I'm thinking," said William. "I could get him across a million ways, but I'm trying to figure out which is best."

"Well, get him out before your Ma and Pa get back tomorrow or he'll drown shore nuff."

Just after supper complications set in. Joe Edge appeared, declaring that finders were keepers, so by all rights the Bounce 'O book with the contest blank belonged to him.

William reasoned differently. "Mr. Moore sold it to me," he said. "You walked off and left it, so I figured you didn't want it."

"Well, I had to get a dime to buy it with, didn't I?" Joe hated to mix words with William. Somehow he always came out on the short end.

William began to feel a little sorry for Joe. "I'll call it halves," he said on a sudden inspiration. "You keep the pony at your house, but I can ride him whenever I want to." William felt Lillybelle might be right about his father objecting to the garage.

"I don't know," said Joe. "Mom might not like

that. You keep him at your house. and I'll ride him whenever I want to."

William believed in being fair. Besides his father might not mind him using the garage every other day. "That ain't fair to you, Joe. We'll keep him at my house one day and at your house the next."

Joe was satisfied. "All right, but you've gotta figure out some way to bet Bounce 'O across the ocean. I couldn't think of nothing."

"I have," said William, who knew he would and therefore told the truth as always.

"How?" asked Joe.

"That's for me to know and you to find out," said William. "I'll tell you Monday at school."

Joe was doubtful, but when William postponed things they had a way of staying postponed. He left for home hoping William wouldn't win the second prize of a Racer's Wagon instead of the Shetland Pony. He already had a Racer's Wagon.

Sunday morning found Bounce 'O still falling rapidly to a watery grave. Lillybelle carrying out instructions sent William off to church. His protests, that he needed the time to think, were of no avail.

But by evening William was in high spirits. Wonderful things had taken place. His contest entry was in the mail. It couldn't help but win the Shetland Pony, and his Mother and Father came home with the news that Grandmother and Grandfather Griggs would arrive from Florida for a month's vacation. Grandfather Griggs was always handy to have around.

The month passed quickly and pleasantly. Grandmother Griggs bought Double Jumbo Lemon Sodas every Saturday and paid Mr. Moore the 5¢ William owed for Bounce 'O. Grandfather Griggs was in a continual story-telling mood and would still be around when the pony came. William felt sure Grandfather Griggs would help get permission to turn the garage into a stable.

When the postman arrived with a letter for William, he opened it with the sure fingers of a coupon clipper. They were notifying William that he had won the pony. Why else would they write? William handed his father this letter:

Master William Griggs:

"We are happy to inform you that out of one hundred thousand faithful Bounce 'O readers you sent in the most original way of saving our hero so he might reach the United States and Safety.

You have won our real live Shetland Pony. Shall we ship him to your home or to some stable in your city?

Yours truly,

Bounce 'O Comic Books

William senior frowned, then scowled; and when the third reading convinced him that his eyes hadn't gone bad he bellowed, "We'll have no pony in this family! I'll give you until tomorrow morning to make arrangements to sell him, give him away, or trade him for marbles. No Pony and that's final!"

Thirty minutes of the same convinced William that Grandfather Griggs was needed and needed fast. Grandfather Griggs was resting on the living room davenport. William hastened to enlist his aid.

Plopping himself stomach down on the rug to insure a good talking position he opened the conversation on a proven subject.

"Grandfather," he said, "when you made coffee for Buffalo Bill, did he ever tell you about anything but Buffaloes?"

"Seems like he did," said the old Gentleman. "Just what kinda things in particular?"

"Horses," said William for a starter.

"Horses!" echoed Grandfather Griggs, slapping his thigh in a pre-story gesture. "You bet your boots he did! Why old Bill was the greatest hoss lover that ever lived. Did I ever tell you about a hoss he had named Human?"

"You started," said William, "but Aunt Young came over with doughnuts 'fore you finished."

"She did!" laughed Grandfather Griggs. "Well, Kate Young and her doughnuts are liable to make a man forget where he is. — Well, now, let's see. Old Bill called the hoss Human cause he could do arithmetic by pawing the ground and could make a steer lie down for the brand by just talking hoss talk."

"Wheeeu!" breathed William, greatly impressed. "Did you ever hear of a pony talking?"

"Now that's a question," said Grandfather Griggs. "I won't say they can't, but if I remember correctly, they're mighty poor talkers. How'd you happen to think about ponies?"

"I won one," said William, quickly thrusting the letter from the Bounce 'O people into his Grandfather's hands.

Grandfather Griggs was impressed that his grandson had out-imagined one hundred thousand faithful Bounce 'O fans. He made a mental note to get acquainted with the adventures of the rubber man. "If I was a little younger I'd help you break him in," he said.

"Father says I can't have him," explained William with his most nobody-loves-me look.

"Now that's a pity," said Grandfather Griggs in genuine sympathy, but who made it a point never to interfere too openly with his Grandson's family

# PARENTAL DELINQUENCY

Lilliac M. Mitchell

**T**RUTH is frequently unpopular. The term "parental delinquency," consequently, will find little public favor. The phrase "juvenile delinquency" has been used so often that parents accept it as a fact. Unpleasant, of course. But there it is. And what are you going to do about it, for goodness' sake!

The phrase juvenile delinquency is comparable to the housemaid's remark after she had set the cream pitcher on the floor: "The cat stole the cream, Ma'am." There is, undoubtedly, juvenile delinquency, but we have this only as a result of parental delinquency.

Modern children are children only for the first two or three years of their lives. After the first two or three years of little Paul Pattern or Penny Pattern, Mother and Dad are weary of the new toy. Oh, right at first parenthood was somewhat thrilling—after one got used to it. Maudlin friends exclaiming extravagantly over the baby made parenthood seem a wonderful adventure. But a dozen doses of this made it seem ordinary and Mother and Dad got to looking around for a baby sitter. A night or two off each week—that wasn't too much, eh? Then along about that time, Dad saw a

picture of a three year-old baby in the newspaper. The caption beneath was

## PISTOL-TOTIN' MAMMA

and the little girl wore a flimsy bra of lace and a brief panty and tall, tall boots and, of course, the pistol holster on one side. Cute, eh? Yes, sir! Darned cute! Wonder if we couldn't fix Penny up with a little outfit like that and have her appear at the Annual Brothers and Sisters Fraternal Banquet? So little Penelope Pattern billed as Penny Pattern walks up and down the length of the banquet tables after the main courses have been removed. She has been well trained for these travels. Yes, sir! First Mother has made the costume and snipped it off briefer and briefer until there is little left to cover vital spots. But, shoot—she's only a baby, isn't she? Sure. And then Penny has been taught before Mother's long mirror how to strut up and down, up and down, her little tummy protruding, her hips waggling and wiggling in an indecent, suggestive manner. But, shoot—she's only a BABY—she doesn't know what it's all about, eh? Sure. You bet!

Penny is the hit of the evening. As she passes the gentlemen they reach out and softly pinch her

problems. "Seems to me anybody smart enough to win a pony oughta get the fun outa riding him."

"I could keep him if I could find some place besides our garage," said William, sensing a ray of hope. "But nobody round here has any place. I know I'd win and I asked 'em."

Grandfather Griggs thought a minute. "I've got a friend with a big ranch just outside of Clearwater. Now just suppose he'd agree to keep the pony. Would you be satisfied to ride him when you come down on visits?"

"I knew you'd think of sumpin'," cried William, but his joy was short lived. He'd forgotten Joe Edge and his half interest.

"What's the matter?" asked Grandfather Griggs. "That's the best I can do."

"I forgot about Joe Edge," said William sadly. "I promised him he'd own half the pony even after his mother said we couldn't keep it at their house any of the time."

Grandfather Griggs believed William's imagination should receive its due. "How would it be if I sorta made it up to Joe by inviting him to come

down for a pony vacation with you?"

William knew it would be all right. He thanked Grandfather Griggs again and started out to find Joe. But there was one more question.

"I'm kinda curious about how you saved Bounce 'O," said Grandfather Griggs. "Mind telling me?"

"No sir, said William. "I was having a pretty tough time thinking of something until Lillybelle made me go to church."

"Did you think of it in church?" Grandfather Griggs staved off a chuckle.

"Yes sir," said William. "It was about Jonas and the whale. I just wrote that this same old whale was swimming around and when he saw Bounce 'O fall he thought he had some dinner."

"Go on," said Grandfather Griggs.

"But Bounce 'O fooled him," said William. "He curled up like a ball and bounced plumb off that ole whale all the way to the United States. Was that all right?"

"All right!" echoed Grandfather Griggs. "William, I'd say that was worth all the Shetland Ponies that ever lived."



in—places. Oh, they have no really evil ideas in mind. They are thinking of her as a baby, of course. But little Penny, quick as a kitten to learn and observe, learns that the more she hip-wiggles and tummy-wiggles, the greater the pleasure of the customers.

Well, all in all, the evening seems to have been a great success and the next morning little Penny lies a-bed resting after her first public appearance. But Mother Pattern has been thinking. Next time . . . next time . . . there is a tap-dancing school in the hall where the Fraternal Society meets. Twice each week a class gathers and a nice little fellow who in his younger days did vaudeville bits teaches for only fifty cents a lesson. If little Penny could do a tap routine . . . Penny starts in next week.

Now, in the meantime, Penny's cousin, Paul Pattern, has heard about Penny's success as Pistol Totin' Mamma. Paul is also three years old and he doesn't give a hang about Pistol Totin' Mamma one way or the other. But his Mother cares. Yes, indeed! Why should sister-in-law Pattern have all the glory from little Penelope, pray tell? Paul would be equally good—yes, or better! With half a chance. Pistol Totin' Papa would be too close, maybe . . . but Public Enemy Number One—sa-a-ay, that would make a cute number. So that Mama and Pop Pattern talk it over and little Paul is coached in his part for his first appearance at the Fraternal National Convention held at Big Town's Biggest hotel. It takes a long time for little Paul to be coached in his part but at last he gets the hang of it. He struts across the stage, brandishing his gun and shooting it off at the National President of the Fraternal organization. And everybody practically rolls in the aisle. Oh, me, oh, my! Think of it, the national president, if you please. They're in stitches, no less. It is a little bewildering to Paul but he catches on quickly. In fact, he catches on so well that when the pastor of the church makes his next visit at the Pattern home, little Paul points a finger at him and goes, "Boom-boom!" and everybody thinks it's so cute.

Then Paul Pattern is entered at the tap dancing school with Penny and sometimes they put on a little tap-dance routine together, both wearing as little as the law allows. They are a howling success. It nets the dancing school a number of new pupils who in turn carry out the same idea in other little social groups.

Summer comes. Penny's mother puts her into shorts and a bra and Penny is sent out to let the good sun get at her body. It saves a lot of washing and ironing, this outfit: panties and a slip and a little dress and socks. But Mother Pattern

does not feature this angle at all. She smugly tells Daddy Pattern that Penny needs the sun and if Daddy thinks Penny needs some more clothes on her for ordinary, everyday occurrences, he is shushed as being a dirty-minded old goat, no less. Besides, all the little girls dress this way.

Modesty?

It's the forgotten word. Old-fashioned is the damning comment on the idea of modesty.

The average little Penny has her first permanent when she is four or five years old. Two or three times a month she goes over to the beauty nook with her mother and has a set.

If she happens to lack any knowledge of Life, she rectifies this during her first year or two at school. One of the most important facts she now knows is to widen the eyes and assume an expression of doll-like innocence and childishness. This, she learns, goes over in a big way with Mother and Dad, as big a way as those little tummy and hip wiggles did at that first pistol totin' mamma affair when she was a child. Once in a while Penny thinks back at those childhood days but not too often. Nostalgic sentimentality, she realizes now from her advanced age of possibly ten or eleven.

Two or three times a week she attends the local movie house where she sees dramas written more for the public taste than good taste. She comprehends all the inuendoes. But if she is in doubt about any of the finer points, there are the eighth grade girls who usually know all and are willing to impart information.

When Penny gets into the seventh grade, the eighth graders are having a commencement hop. The girls want it formal. The boys know well enough that their folks won't stand for a tuxedo and vote down the formal idea but there are four more girls than boys and so the dance is formal after all. Long, swirly skirts in the manner of yesteryear because these little lasses don't care much for the modern street length formal. And high hair-do's. The class hires a four-piece orchestra for the event and since this is costing so much, they decide to invite the seventh graders, too, at a dollar a head. It will help on the cost. So Penny's mother gets a formal for Penny. Penny is thirteen now.

In high school, Paul has to have a tuxedo. And the car, too, to take his date. Dad drive the car? Sa-a-ay! That would look sissy, eh, Dad driving, for heaven's sake! Nothing cooking on this idea, Buddy. This is strictly front-burner date. Driver's license? Oh, Paul sent for it last week. Just like that. It'll come in time for the dance. The dance is less than five blocks away. By the way,



he'll need some date money: five bucks ought to cover it: ticket, and a corsage—oh, I dunno, maybe a single orchid or a couple of camellias. Cokes sell at thirty cents at the Shorecrest Hotel where the school dances are given. Parking is a dollar unless one is a resident of the hotel. Maybe you'd better make it eight bucks, Dad.

By sophomore year and junior year, the young Patterns are really bored and sophisticated. They know all the better night spots and glibly praise or blame name bands. After they leave parties, these nights, they usually stop at some tavern where there is a hot piano player. The boys borrow a draft card and they have spiked drinks or ham and eggs and a tom collins or an old-fashioned.

The first few night parties, Mother and Dad Pattern stay up with noses pressed against the cool window pane, wondering...worrying....moist-palmed when the telephone rings, relieved that it is only a wrong number....cross when Penny gets in....chilled by her indifference to scolding. Then day comes and everything looks sunny and all right again. After all, youth is youth. Times change. All the other children are doing the same things. It is all harmless—

Oh, yes? That's what YOU hope, Parent. But it's not all harmless. These youngsters have had only two or three years of childhood. They went right from babyhood into adult life with minus clothes and too-too permanents plus entertainments that aped adult life. These formal parties that come to the adults only three or four times a year, are almost weekly occurrences in the life of today's youth. Result? They're tame, these parties. Too tame. Boring. Penny yawns after the first three of four dances and her partner suggests leaving this joint. Do? Oh, ride around. There's some gasoline in the tank. Sure. They drive at a speed somewhat above the limit and laugh uproariously at this. They stop in at some tavern and have a drink or two. They drive some more and notice that the gas is getting low. Maybe they'd better park. They do park. And what does youth do parking in a car for an hour or two? That's it, Brother.

Juvenile delinquency? Nonsense. The delinquency is being dropped before the wrong doorway. Ol' Joe Pattern and his wife got tired of being ordinary, run-of-the-mine parents. They were in the moron stage of wishing constant adulation—if not directed towards them, then towards the offspring. Take off the baby's clothes and expose her tiny buttocks and flat little tummy and give her a few terms of tap-dancing lessons and a permanent and a bra to wear when she goes down to the corner

grocer's on an errand. Juvenile delinquency? Oh, no. Joe Pattern and his wife started this whole build-up and when it turns out wrong, neither of them is willing to admit the truth, to accept the unpleasant name implied in parental delinquency.

Childhood? There has been very little of this for years. Few parents can say, off-hand, when childhood should end. Probably it should not be terminated until the young person leaves his educational process and goes to live under a roof of his own earning. Certainly as long as a young person lives under the parental roof at parental expense, that young person owes the family something. This something may be termed obedience. Why not? The average parent is afraid of the children. Perhaps it is all this surface *savoir faire* of formals and permanents and super-sophistication or possibly it is Mother Pattern's determination to be a great big girl, looking and acting like Penny's sister. Whatever it is, it is this fear of the offspring or it is the futile desire to stay young that is giving birth to our modern parental delinquency.

Every problem has its solution. The parental delinquency problem is no different from any other problem. Just as a ship needs a captain, just as a city needs a city manager or a mayor, just as a state has a governor and a country a president or ruler, so the smallest unit of them all—the family—must have a head. Someone rules your family. Are you the ruler? Or is Junior? If you still have even the bare tip of a slack rein in your own hand, clutch it and strengthen your hold until you are sitting firmly in the driver's seat. If you have already lost the leadership completely, it is only wise to take steps to get it back again.

It can be done.

Child delinquency is no such mass problem as we have been thinking. Child delinquency stems from parental delinquency. Never for one moment say loftily, "It can't happen in MY family!" because you may at the instant be heading for the side of the road that drops into a chasm. The solution may start at the point of keeping children—children—as long as they live under the parental roof. Certainly the solution never lies in pistol totin' mamma displays. Nor should children be permitted to assume adult manners and fashions and indulge in adult pastimes until they approximate adult years. As long as parents grumblingly "show off" the child and the child's formal with vast inner satisfaction glowing through the clouded face, as long as parents encourage the small edition in this same "showing off," just so long will parental delinquency flourish. And with it, of course, its concomitant: juvenile delinquency.

# LITTLE QUEEN

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Illustrated by Elaine Davis

## CHAPTER TWELVE

I WAS twenty-two years old when I set about writing my childhood memories for Pauline. No special time had been granted for this task, but I managed to find a couple of hours each day. Two notebooks, such as children use in school, were given me for my work and by summertime I had written several thousand words.

How my heart overflowed as I related the story of my life! More than ever I realized God's goodness in providing me with two saints for parents, a comfortable home, love and affection from relatives and friends. Millions of little ones were deprived of such blessings, yet from the beginning they had been mine. More than that. Papa and Mama had always appreciated the value of a religious vocation. They had asked for this great grace for each of their children, and the fact that five of us were now in the convent, saving our own souls and the souls of others, was a further proof of God's goodness.

"Heavenly Father, You have been so generous!" I thought. "Now I want to give You something in return."

But what could I give, I asked myself, I who was so little and weak? For some time I considered the matter, and then the inspiration came. Already I was following the Little Way of childlike trust and surrender to God's Will. Now I would offer myself to the Heavenly Father in a new fashion. I would make myself a victim of His love.

It was one day during Mass when I made this Act of Love for the first time. Later I sought out Pauline and asked her ap-

proval of what I had done. She did not seem to attach much importance to the matter, and readily gave her permission for me to repeat my offering. Then I put the Act of Love in writing and submitted it to a priest who was preaching our retreat. He also approved, and so I made the Act once more—solemnly, this time—on the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, June 9, 1895. Then I placed the paper on which the precious words were written in the little book of Gospels next my heart.

My act of Love was rather long, but it was based on a simple fact. People are afraid of God, I told myself. They look on Him as a distant Being Who permits suffering and sorrow, Who punishes even the smallest sin. Because of this, death is something to be dreaded and Heaven almost impossible of attainment. But gradually I had been given the grace to realize that God is as much a Being of love and mercy as He is of justice. He has as infinite love for mankind, and most of the time this love finds no appreciation. People are too busy loving creatures and possessions to think of the immense love God has for them.

The desire to atone for these souls who refuse to accept God's love, who cruelly neglect Him year after year, led me to offer myself as a victim of this same love. I asked God to shower me with *all* His love, even to the point where I could not bear such tenderness. I would die then, of course, as much a martyr as though I had given my life in defense of the Faith.

As a result of this offering, wonderful graces



I was twenty-two years old when I set about writing my childhood memories.

were soon flooding my soul. While making the Stations of the Cross it seemed that a heavenly flame pierced my very being. What pain! What sweetness! Truly the Hand of God was upon me, and I thought I was dying. But in an instant the invisible fire disappeared, and I was left to ponder its meaning. Was this a sign that God planned to take me to Heaven soon? Surely it was, for I had always believed my earthly life would be a short one. The little white flower would flourish in its springtime only.

"What does it matter if my life is long or short," I thought. "I fear only one thing; it is to keep my will. Dear God, take that! I choose everything that You have decided for me!"

This year of 1895 was an important one. Not only did it witness the beginning of the little book for Pauline and the Act of Love. It also brought the entrance into Carmel, on August 15, of my beloved cousin, Marie Guerin. Years ago we had been students at the Benedictine convent. We had also shared happy days at the seashore. Then there were other childhood memories, particularly those of playing at hermits in the garden of *Les Buissonnets*. (Also in the streets of Lisieux on one memorable occasion!) Now my prayers were answered at last. God had granted Marie the grace to work for Him as a Carmelite nun. He willed that she should be with me in the Novitiate where I might explain the beauty of the Little Way.

Two months later a most astonishing thing happened. I was helping in the laundry when Pauline sent word for me to come to her. She had just received a letter from a young seminarian, a member of the Society of the White Fathers. He expected to be ordained in a few years, then to leave for Africa as a missionary. But although he was happy to work for God, he dreaded being separated from his family. He wished to be a saint, yet he was fearful of the sacrifices that might be in store for him. Sometimes he even wondered if he should continue his studies for the priesthood.

"You may write to this young man and encourage him," Pauline told me. "It will do him good to have a little sister in Carmel who prays and suffers for his intentions."

I was delighted with the assignment, for everything pertaining to the priesthood was close to my heart. After all, had I not come to Carmel to ask God to bless the world with many good and holy priests? As for the Foreign Missions, would I not willingly give my life, endure any suffering, in order that some poor pagan might embrace the True Faith?

"This seminarian needs to learn about the Little

Way, I thought. "He is full of doubts and worries now because he is relying on his own strength. I will tell him to forget all these. When he has put himself as a little child in the arms of the Heavenly Father, things will be so different!"

My new brother seemed to appreciate my letters, and to profit from them, too. In a little while I decided to ask him a favor. Each day he was to address the following petition to Heaven:

"Merciful Father, in the Name of Your sweet Jesus, of the Holy Virgin and all the saints, I ask You to inflame my sister with Your spirit of Love, and to give her the grace to make You greatly loved."

The young seminarian agreed to say this prayer daily for the rest of his life. He would never forget it, he told me, or the Little Way to Heaven which I had taught him. The same was true of a second brother who was given to me some months later. He was already a priest, and one day he came to the monastery and offered the Holy Sacrifice. I had the opportunity to speak with him twice on this day, and gave him my promise that I would offer my prayers and sufferings for the success of his missionary work in China. In return he was to ask God to allow me to bring many souls to Him, even after my death.

How grateful I was for this chance to play some little part in the work of Christ's apostles! Because I was a cloistered nun, I could never teach the truths of our Holy Faith in pagan lands. Yet I could still have some share in both missions. Through hidden prayer and sacrifice I could merit for both my brothers the strength to carry on their difficult labors. United with Christ, a trusting child in the arms of my Heavenly Father, I could be the channel through which this grace would flow.

I continued to work on my little story for Pauline, and on January 20, 1896, the feast of Saint Agnes, it was complete. That night as I went to the chapel for prayer, I paused a moment beside my beloved sister and gave her the manuscript. She acknowledged the gift with a nod but did not speak. Then I retired, trusting that *The Story of the Springtime of a Little White Flower* would prove satisfactory. I felt it was no literary masterpiece, being only eight chapters in length and written on very poor paper. I had not bothered to correct it or to make any changes, and nowhere was there an effort to be amusing or clever. However, Pauline might find pleasure in reading about the wonderful favors God had granted me during my short life.

Time passed, and my sister made no comment on the story of my childhood memories. The truth was that she had found no time to read it. Her

term as Prioress expired in February, 1896, and she was anxious to set everything in order for her successor. This successor turned out to be Mother Mary Gonzaga, who had been Prioress on my entrance. There was every chance that now I would be given new duties, but in the end I was told to continue working with the novices. I might also help the Sister who had charge of the sacristy, as I had done in the past.

The spiritual guidance of the novices was a work dear to my heart. I saw in these young souls the future welfare of our monastery—indeed, the future welfare of countless men and women we should never know. I did my best to teach my little sisters one important fact: namely, that each and every soul born into the world is called to be a saint—not by halves, not with disinterest, but totally, and with joy. For some the process is long and difficult, chiefly because such persons rely on their own powers and do not think of abandoning themselves to the Heavenly Father with confidence and trust. Others achieve sanctity more quickly because they have learned to be humble.

"When I think of all I still have to acquire!" cried a novice one day, a bit depressed over her struggles to become virtuous.

"You mean all that you have to lose," I said. "Child, you are trying to climb a mountain, whereas God wishes you to *descend*."

Yes, *descend* was one of my favorite words. So were *little* and *humble* and *child*. Over and over again I described the beauty of simplicity in one's spiritual life. It is such a sure way to God! It leads straight to His Heart, I explained, without any twistings or turnings. Only when we cease to be simple and childlike do things become hard for us.

Since I was not their real superior, the novices were not backward in criticizing some of my statements. One or two did not take kindly to being as little children, for by now they had found this practice requires constant effort. It is no lazy man's way to Heaven, since it means accepting suffering and humiliation without complaint. These, as well as joy and earthly fortune, are gifts from the Heavenly Father for the good of one's soul and the souls of others.

"I just don't like to suffer and be humiliated," said one. "I'm very sure the cross will never attract me. Sister Therese, how can I be a saint with such feelings?"

I did my best to explain that *feelings* do not matter, that this novice could make a very wonderful prayer out of her dislike for suffering and humiliation. She could present it to the Heavenly Father as a token of her weakness. In such a way would she be true to her role of a little child.

"If you feel regret that all the flowers of your desires and of your good intentions fall to the ground without producing any fruit, offer to God this sacrifice of never being able to gather the fruit of your efforts. In an instant, at the hour of your death, He will cause the very best fruit to ripen on the tree of your soul."

The novice was somewhat consoled, but I knew what she was thinking. Sister Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face offered such strange advice! Never had her Little Way been praised or even mentioned by the priests who gave our retreats, and yet she did not seem concerned. Instead, she acted as though things would be quite different some day. Then the whole world would accept her words, and practise what she taught.

(To be continued)

## A War-Torn World Looks To America For Priests, Brothers and Sisters

DO YOU KNOW that every diocese in the United States needs priests and religious?

DO YOU KNOW that Europe will be unable to supply foreign missionaries for years to come?

DO YOU KNOW that our country supplies only three per cent of the foreign mission personnel?

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# THE UPAS TREE

## SPIRITUALISM—AMERICA'S BIGGEST FAKE BUSINESS EXPOSED

Ringing the ghost-bell—one of the standard tricks of spiritualistic meetings. These pictures prove how easily a skeptical sitter can be fooled. While hand and feet of the medium are under control of the sitter, a bell that was placed not far away, starts ringing in the dark after "calling the spirits."

Euphemia Macleod

### HOW IT IS DONE IN THE DARK.

Resting his hands and feet tightly on hands and feet of the medium, the sitter believes the medium to be under perfect control. The usual hokus-pokus goes with the order to concentrate on the soul of the deceased. In the meantime, the medium's foot has slipped out of her shoes. The medium wears specially prepared stocking, so that she can work with her toes. Mediums are as dexterous with their feet as with their hands in the dark. By movements of the medium's foot, bell's sound is distorted so that it appears to come from anywhere. Finally, bell is put back in its previous place, medium slips back into her shoes, with the baffled sitter under the impression all the time that he had the medium under his control.







Miss Rose Mackenberg joined the Spiritists and was "ordained" an active minister in its strange cult. As such a privileged member she was able to observe its workings and its deception from within.

did a roaring trade, even in his declining years. How do such "mediums" make a fortune? Through the gullibility of the superstitious.

Let us not scoff at the illiterate. Brilliant intellectual powers are not proof against the machinations of a clever "medium," with the discoveries of chemistry and electricity at command. Professors, scientists, and hard-headed business men have been conspicuous among the dupes of fake mediums.

Hence the crying need for information on the tricks oflegerdmain and illusion by which the over-confiding are misled;

for, after all, the fake medium is but a third-rate magician or prestidigitator. There would be no harm in his tricks if he presented them honestly as tricks, as Houdini did. The trouble begins when he pretends that departed spirits have levitated the table or spoken through the trumpet. He is then taking money on false pretenses, often from those who are in unprosperous circumstances, and can ill afford the fee he asks to put them in supposed communication with their dear ones who have passed within the Veil.

The Veil of the Unseen has not yet been rent; and to paint, on its hither side, the simulacra of the departed is one of the most cruel deceptions ever conceived, especially cruel at the moment, when so many of the victims of this deceit are those whose husbands and sons have made the supreme sacrifice for their country. To pretend to bring back the spirits of these heroes by the claptrap of tin trumpets and simulated cataleptic trances, is damnable. It is high time that the public should be informed of the way in which these deceptions are produced, that they may know how to avoid the pitfalls.

If man is possessed of undeveloped spiritual pow-

"TALL OAKS from little acorns grow." But the seeds of the poisonous upas also produce a sizeable tree. Away back in 1848, the seed of a soul-destroying upas was dropped upon the fertile soil of human credulity. It grew to maturity almost overnight, scattering its deadly seeds even to the far corners of the earth. Today, its branches flaunt their deceptive promise of soul-satisfying fruit, and the fruit—which is indeed forbidden fruit, the tasting of which leads to madness, suicide, and the wrecking of homes, still scatters its ill-omened seeds abroad, to the undoing of the superstitious and the credulous, and the unholy enrichment of those who profit by the dissemination of the poison.

Spiritualism, as a religion, whether one believes in it or not, is one thing; Spiritualism, as a cloak for the lucre-minded fake medium, is another story. It is not unusual in our day for a fashionable "medium" to rank among the millionaires. One popular woman "medium" runs a Spiritualistic camp, really a little colony in itself, which pays her enormous dividends. A leading man "medium," who died recently, in the sanctity of wealth, owned palatial homes in three different cities, and



**Baby Comes to Life.**—One of the more expensive tricks for which \$50.00 to \$100.00 are easily obtained by the medium. Materialized right in front of the astonished eyes of the medium's circle. Mothers are made to believe that the spirit of their dead baby has come back through the medium. A ghost-like baby-face in a white baby's cap, appears in the dark and a low baby-voice is heard uttering such messages as "I am with you always, Mother."

ers which, in the Eternal Plan, will one day put him in touch with those who have passed from mortal sight, certainly that day will not be hastened by sacrilegiously playing on the gullibility of the credulous. To pretend that we have a thing when we have it not, is the surest way to keep from ever having it.

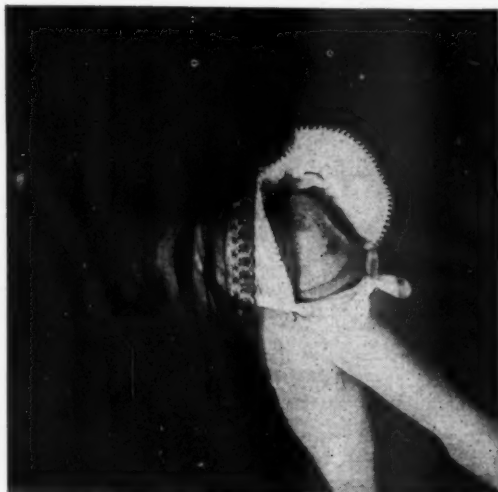
Strange how little quirks of fortune will affect the trend of events. A modern "medium" of note owes her rise to prominence to one of the humblest of creatures, a tiny mouse. During a séance, being staged by her husband and herself, a mouse ran squeaking across the floor. The absorbed "sitters" did not see the mouse, but they heard its faint voice, which the two clever "mediums" quickly acclaimed as the voice of a spirit. What supernaturally gifted beings these two mediums must be! They could not only summon spirits from the unseen world, but could also make spirit voices audible to human ears. Their reputation was made.

The whole sorry business started with as commonplace a happening—the bumping of an apple on the floor. It is a far cry from the luxurious surroundings and the pomp and circumstance of the elaborate séance of a successful modern medium back to the dreary, unpretentious farm house, where two mischievous little girls unconsciously set rolling the ball of Spiritualism, which, as the snowballs with which they like other children played, grew immeasurably as it rolled.

Had it not been for eight-year-old Margaret and six-and-a-half-year-old Katy, the naughty small daughters of John D. Fox, of Hydesville, in New York State, bent on mystifying their simple-minded, credulous mother, and had it not been, more especially, for their unpleasant, calculating married sister, twenty-three years older than Margaret, who exploited the pranks of the two children, many a modern medium would have found his, or her, setting in another walk of life, less lucrative, no doubt, but also less at variance with eternal values.

Those to whom Spiritualism is anathema, look on the Fox children as utterly depraved from the cradle. Believing Spiritualists regard them as the apotheosis of childhood. Yet, really, they were everyday naughty children, who, out of a prank, wove for themselves a tangled web, from which big sister Leah took care to see that they did not escape.

There is, at the Spiritualistic camp at Lily Dale, N. Y., the "Katy Fox Cottage," where "rappings" may still be heard—*when the lady custodian is in residence.* Margaret Fox, the elder of the two famous sisters, became somewhat *persona non grata* to the Spiritualists, on account of her confession,





#### HOW IT IS DONE IN THE DARK.

The medium releases his foot from the rope, grabs the trumpet—most of the mediums are trained magicians and acrobats—and brings it up to his mouth. Tape doesn't interfere (try yourself). A good trumpet medium has a range of about ten voices, from the baby squeak of "Hello, Mommy" to the rip-roaring voice of the sea-captain; many of these mediums put on a sort of celestial "Amos & Andy" skit, continued from week to week.

revealing the source of the raps, and repudiating Spiritualism. Her recantation of the confession—under pressure, it was said—did not, in the eyes of the Spiritualists, entirely efface the stigma of the confession.

The "confession" was published in the *New York World*, and arrangements were made for Margaret to give a demonstration in the Academy of Music. The Academy was crowded, both with people glad to feel that at last the truth was going to be told about Spiritualism, and also with hostile Spiritualists. Three doctors in the audience mounted the platform and examined Margaret's foot during her demonstration. They were in accord that the raps were made "by the action of the first joint of her large toe."

Of course the Spiritualists were up in arms. They insisted that, of course, if there had been fraud, it should be exposed; but that *they*, individually, one and all, were "genuine." There were, too, sincere, pathetic letters from dupes, whose false hopes had been taken from them by Margaret Fox Kane's revelation. After her public "confession," one of those she had cruelly deceived wrote: "God bless you, for I think that you now speak the truth. You have my forgiveness at least, and I believe that thou-

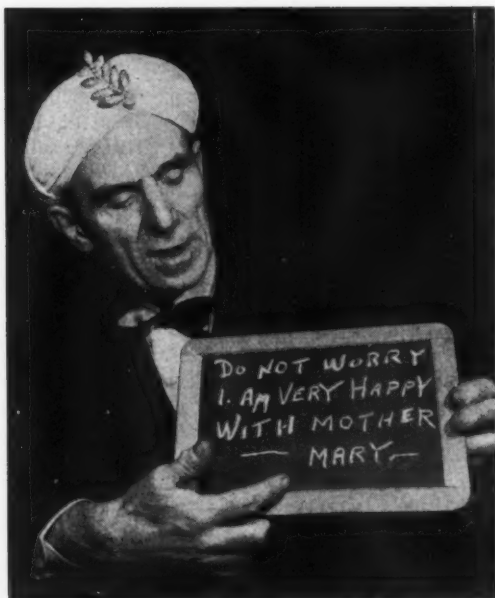
sands of others will forgive you, for the atonement made in season wipes out much of the stain of the early sin."

It took a fine kind courage to make the public "confession." Let us leave Margaret Fox Kane at the upward reach of her soul. Though, for the warning of those who may be tempted to share in her sin, one would emphasize that "The evil that men do lives after them."

With the advent of Ira Erastus Davenport and William Henry Harrison Davenport, known as the "Davenport Brothers," the cult of Spiritualism expanded mightily. It mattered not that the Davenport Brothers did not claim any spiritualistic power. Their exhibitions, with a cabinet, their rope tricks and the various musical instruments that apparently played of themselves, were too juicy a plum for the Spiritualists not to eye gloatingly. If the Davenports had not enough business sense to "invoke the aid of the spirits," the lucre-minded "mediums" were not so devoid of

money-making horse sense. But later, the Brothers saw the business value of the "spirits," and, while making no claims, yet did not deny the popular belief in their occult powers. They left conclusions to the audience, deeming this better showmanship. Houdini, on the other hand, arch-foe of spiritualistic fraud, openly and repeatedly expressed his contempt and deep disgust for all fraud, especially for the wicked fraud of the self-styled "mediums."





The slate trick is the most common phenomenon performed by spiritualistic mediums. The trick is so primitive that normally one would not believe it possible to work. Nevertheless, it is just through this trick that spiritualistic racketeers draw millions of dollars out of the pocketbooks of their "customers."

A contemporary of the Davenport Brothers was the notorious Daniel Dunglas Home, to whom we are indebted for Robert Browning's poem, "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." Home had a magnetic personality, and among his dupes was Mrs. Browning, to the annoyance and alarm of her husband, to whom her interest in Spiritualism was highly distasteful. Houdini tells of Browning's visit to one of Home's séances. A face was materialized, and said to be that of an infant son of the poet, who, as it happened, had never lost an infant son. Browning seized the "materialized head" of the infant, and found it to be *the bare foot of Mr. Home*.

Home had an inordinate love of jewelry. This led him into trouble with the Russian police, who could not actually disprove that a malicious spirit had dropped into Mr. Home's coat-tail pocket the fabulously valuable emeralds which had been lent him to "dematerialize" for the spirits, and which the spirits had apparently failed to rematerialize; but, nevertheless, they—the police—suggested that the medium leave the Russian capital immediately, for his own good.

Home was never at a loss. Back in England, he turned his charm on a Mrs. Lyon, a widow of sev-

enty-five, and persuaded her to adopt him. The spirit of her husband urged this, he said. The adopted son made hay while the sun shone. When, at last, the widow, worried about finances, consulted a lawyer, she was told that she had been imposed upon. Loath to believe this, she sought advice from the spirits through the mediumship of a girl of twelve, only to learn that the spirits considered that she had been fleeced out of sixty thousand pounds—roughly \$300,000.

She instituted a lawsuit for the recovery of this considerable sum, and the judgment was in her favor. Houdini tells us that the Vice-Chancellor, in his closing remarks, "referred to Mrs. Lyon as an old lady with a mind 'saturated with delusion,' and characterized Spiritualism as being, according to the evidence, a 'system of mischievous nonsense well calculated to delude the vain, the weak, the foolish, and the superstitious.'"

Home's most publicized stunt was his apparently floating out of a window, feet first, and landing feet first through the window of the next room, over seven feet distant from the first window. Houdini showed how this could be done, and offered to duplicate the feat.

Home's charming manners and his seemingly lovable character won him many friends. Indeed, so adept was he at ingratiating himself, that he practically lived on his friends, who would extend to him invitations for a long visit. He could play his cards well. He married twice into the Russian nobility.

But an ugly rumor of immorality raised its head from time to time. Madame Blavatsky, who had made an especial investigation of the deaths of prominent mediums, said of Home: "This Calvin of Spiritualism suffered for years from a terrible spinal disease, brought on through his intercourse with the 'Spirits,' and died a perfect wreck."

His end was even more tragic than that of Margaret Fox Kane. — Does Spiritualism really pay?

Houdini, commenting on Home's escapades and on the manner of his death, exclaims: "All indicate that he lived the life of a hypocrite of the deepest dye. How strange that these inspired agents of 'Summerland,' these human deliverers of messages, these stepping-stones to the Beyond, are, for the greater part, moral perverts whose favorite defence is the claim that they are forced to do such deeds by the evil spirits which take possession." Home had been eminently successful in his Spiritualistic campaign in Italy, and that in spite of the vigorous opposition of the Church; and his success had been bruited all over the country. The echoes reached

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the ears of a mere child who was to surpass even medium Home as a celebrity.

Euspasia Palladino, the child of Neapolitan peasants, was orphaned at an early age, and while barely in her teens was earning her living as a little maid servant in a conjuror's family. Being a bright child, she "caught on" to the tricks. —And then it happened.

The Fox children had been forced into the Spiritualistic trade by their older sister, Leah; the youthful Euspasia was introduced into *séance modus operandi* by her employers, who were addicted to Spiritualistic practices.

The circle being incomplete at one of their *séances* they called on the little maid servant to "fill in." Nothing loath, we may be sure, she took her place. Then—amazingly—there were manifestations never heard of before. The young girl was surely a medium! Euspasia was launched on her career. Why scrub floors and be ordered about when she could have the world at her feet like that man from England that they were all talking about? That was something to look forward to!

But, with peasant shrewdness, she bided her time. She was taking no risks. She practised her "art." When she set herself up publicly as a medium, she would be the best medium in the world. —She married a small shopkeeper, and they were very poor. But she kept her promise to herself, and, when she did begin her career of mediumship,

she did so as a full-fledged medium—the best in the world.

In twenty years she was wealthy, though she did not present the spectacular performances that Home had done, nor trouble much with "materialization." Table-lifting was her specialty, though she did not disdain other mystifications, mostly levitation and the moving about of inanimate objects, apparently of themselves.

Even Lombroso could find no fraud in her demonstrations, and she completely fooled Professor Richet, Professor Sidgewick, Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. Myers. In England, the two latter vouched for her genuineness. In France, the Curies, Pierre and Marie, found their way to the Palladino *séances*. But their minds, trained in accuracy, found the conditions of the *séances* inconclusive; and, when in addition, they discovered gross frauds, they dropped the *séances*.

Dr. Richard Hodgson, of the English Society of Psychical Research, was the first to expose Euspasia's trickery. He observed how she manipulated her hands so that the sitters on either side of her covered each other's hands instead of hers. But the exposure gained little credence, and she went blithely ahead with her deceptions.

Her descent upon America was even more spectacular than had been her French and English visits. She had prospered so far because she had insisted on fixing her own conditions for the tests,



#### HOW IT IS DONE IN THE DARK

The idea is to catch a message from the "world beyond" that is to appear on a black slate. The sitter examines the slate, touches it with his fingers; then the slate is placed by the medium over the sitter's head, "to get the proper vibrations." As the whole sitting is done in the dark, the trick is easily explained by an exchange of slates through a helper operating hidden behind the



sitter's back. Many of the messages, of course, will refer to gifts to be transferred by the medium to the soul of the deceased.



with the result that their success was a foregone conclusion, and her devotees, in spite of Dr. Hodgson's exposé, remained staunch to her.

But, in the United States, the investigators insisted on fixing the test conditions themselves. She was under the observation of professional magicians, who were convinced that she was able to make manipulations with the partly freed foot and a freed hand. They said that any juggler of skill could have reproduced her performance.

Stringent conditions had been imposed for the tests, and, moreover, the investigators had carefully rehearsed their parts, to guard against the old trick of diverting the attention of the investigator from the crucial act of the play.

Mr. W. S. Davis, an ex-medium, had been invited to assist at this New York investigation, but he said that scientists were not the kind of men he could work with; he would assist if they allowed him to bring along a couple of "Flim-flam" men.—The "Flim-flam" men discovered the secret of the tricks which had befooled the scientists.

Were the duped scientists abroad humiliated by the New York exposé? Not they. As the old proverb says: "Convince a man against his will, he's of the same opinion still." Years have passed since Palladino was hailed as one of the world's psychic wonders; yet, so slowly do legends die out, that even now there are people who regard her as an inspired saint.

Houdini comments: "Even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle unqualifiedly lauds Home and Palladino as patron saints of his psychic religion," and he quotes, with the writer's permission, part of a letter to himself from Mr. Davis: "Rupert Hughes, in an attack upon Spiritism some time ago, said that favorable reports on Palladino constituted a vast literature; and he was right. The public libraries both in this country and Europe contain many books in which it is claimed that is has been 'scientifically demonstrated' that Euspasia possesses some occult power.

"Generations for centuries will probably be influenced by the books. They are only calculated to create superstition and ignorance and it is a shame that they are permitted to circulate. Euspasia was one of the world's greatest mountebanks. Her dupes were our foremost men of learning—they were not of the rabble. She was the greatest mountebank produced by modern Spiritism, and she duped more scientists than any other medium. In that respect D. D. Home does not compare with her. *The important lesson in the case* is that so-called scientific testimony is just about worthless. That

is an important educational fact and a valuable lesson to the general public."

The most flagrantly wicked of successful fake mediums was the tempestuous Ann O'Delia Diss Debar. She had not even the excuse of the Fox Sisters and of Euspasia Palladino, that she was inviegled into the fraud in the irresponsible years of childhood. She has been adjudged one of the world's ten worst female criminals. The daughter of a political refugee who had settled in Kentucky, she pretended to be the illegitimate child of Lola Montez, the dashing Spanish-Irish actress, and of King Louis I of Bavaria.

She posed as a member of the European aristocracy, and, as the Countess Landsfledt and Baroness Rosenthal, despoiled the young blades of Baltimore alone of over half a million. It has been said that the amount of money raked in by Daniel Dunglas Home and Madame Diss Debar, if combined, would outdo that raked in by all the other mediums together.

She had a forceful personality and an almost hypnotic power. This she developed, and made hypnotism fashionable. For a while money poured in, but she squandered it as fast as it came. Then she took to "spirit-painting," and once more her coffers were filled. She procured pictures from art dealers on commission, covered them with some easily-rubbed-off substance, and, in the presence of her latest wealthy dupe, Luther Marsh, a reputedly brilliant New York lawyer, and a cluster of other dupes, she presented a wonderful picture, painted by the spirits in a few minutes. How could any of the befooled spectators guess that she had a small sponge cleverly concealed in the palm of her hand?

So infatuated was Marsh, that he turned his house into a Spiritualistic Temple for her. He made an utter fool of himself. But hardheaded relatives took matters to court, and saved a portion of the family fortune.

Ann O'Delia had corrupted her General, Diss Debar, who, it was said, "had no mind of his own," and he became involved in her peculations, and was considered a party to her deceptions. After the Luther Marsh scandal, both served a prison term on Blackwell's Island.

Upon their release, they went to London, as Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. It was not long before Scotland Yard took an interest in their activities. They were engaged in the most indecent venture of their whole infamous career. Laura Jackson, as she now called herself, was sentenced to seven years in Aylesbury prison. But she earned two years off the sentence, in consideration of the help she gave

(Continued on page 96)

# Czestochowa

## National Shrine of Poland

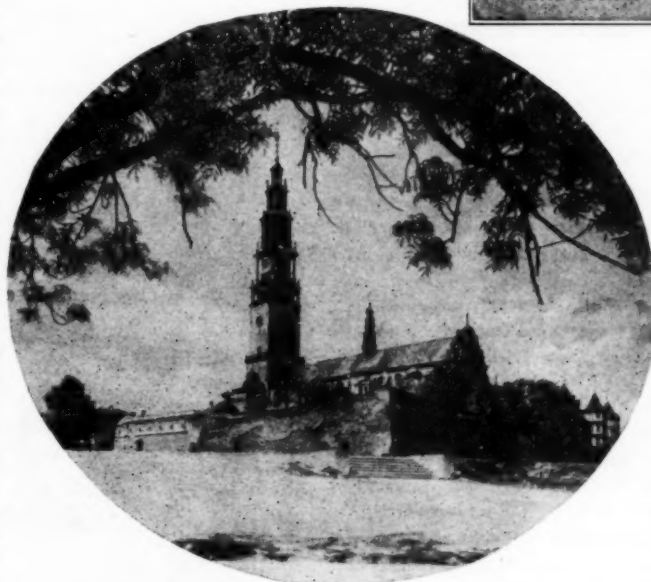
### TRADITION AND LEGEND

**I**N the Pauline monastery on Jasna Gora, the "Gleaming Mountain," a hill near the city of Czestochowa (pronounced Chestohova) in Poland, there is preserved one of the world's most famous Madonnas, known as Our Lady of Czestochowa. It is doubtful whether any other representation of our Blessed Mother and her divine Child possesses such an ancient and glorious history. Its origin is lost in the historical darkness of antiquity. According to tradition it traces back to the very beginnings of the Christian Faith, to the time when St. Luke, the Evangelist, is piously believed to have painted this likeness of our Blessed Mother during her lifetime and at the request of the first Christians in Jerusalem. Tradition says

he painted it on the top of a cypress table, one of the possessions in the poor home of the Holy Family of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph in Nazareth. This pious belief is supported by some interesting facts. The panel on which the picture is painted is the size and thickness of a table top, while among the items of furniture in the home of the Holy Family at Loreto, Italy, no table is found. But, on the list of these items appears this note: the table of cypress is at Czestochova. It is also known that St.

Luke excelled as a painter and sculptor.

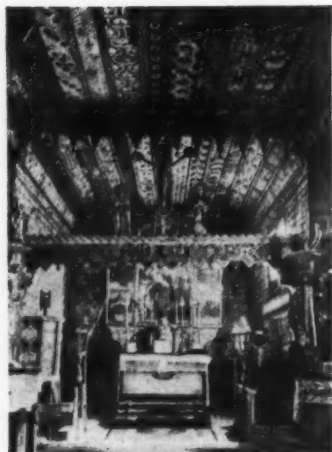
Whatever its origin, tradition further says that the picture was renowned for its miracles and venerated in Jerusalem for about 300 years. Then it was moved by St. Helena, mother of Constantine



The Shrine of Czestochowa on Jasna Gora in Poland. The history of this shrine and the famous painting of Our Lady it contains is copied with permission from the pamphlet published by The Franciscan Missionary Brothers, St. Joseph's Hill, Eureka, Mo.

the Great, after her stay in Jerusalem during which she found the true Cross, to Constantinople where it was held in great veneration for about 500 years. Next we learn that the picture was sent by the Byzantine Emperor to Ruthenia where it remained for about 500 years. In the late Fourteenth Century it was at Belz, a town north of Lwow. Here it received its first injury during a Tartar invasion. An arrow pierced it, leaving a scar

that is still visible. These Tartar invasions caused the Count Ladislaus Opolski, in the year 1382, to decide to move the picture to his castle in Silesia, Poland. According to tradition, all went well until the wagon, with its precious load, reached the crest



Courtesy Polish Information Bureau  
Characteristic Interior of an old wooden church in Poland

of Jasna Gora, when it would move no further. The Count took this as a manifestation of the will of our Blessed Lady that she wished her picture to remain on the summit of this hill near Czestochowa, Poland. Accordingly he placed it in a little wooden church there where it has remained ever since under the guardianship of the Pauline monks.

#### RECORDED HISTORY

From this date, 1382, begins on Jasna Gora the remarkable and glorious history of this miraculous picture. The part the picture was to play in inspiring Catholic action seems to start immediately. The fame of the shrine began to spread. Special devotion was shown it by King Ladislaus Jagiello, whose marriage to the Polish Queen Jadwiga brought about the union of Lithunia with her realm and the conversion of a whole nation to the true Faith. As time passed miraculous graces of every kind, received through the intercession of our Lady of Czestochowa, became greater and more numerous. On several occasions she became the bulwark of defense against foreign invaders, enemies of the Church. In 1655, when the powerful Swedish (Lutheran) armies had conquered Poland, it was the heroic and successful defense of Jasna Gora for almost two months by about 200 monks and knights against an army of over 9000 besiegers that inspired a national awakening that hurled the invaders out of the country. It was then that the King, Casimir V, made the famous proclamation designating Our Lady of Czestochowa as Queen of Poland, a dedication that he later repeated at Czestochowa. Similar sieges by the Swedes in 1702 and

again in 1705, similar odds prevailing, were successfully withstood, and these victories were commonly attributed to the intercession of Our Lady of Czestochowa. From this date, for over two centuries, Our Lady has been invoked by those living in her adopted country as Queen of Poland. At an earlier date (1683), we find Our Lady playing an important part in the world renowned battle of Vienna in which King Sobieski of Poland, with his army of 67,000 defeated an army of 300,000 Turks who were then threatening all Christendom. Before leaving for this battle the King and his entire family went to Czestochowa, received the Sacrament at the shrine on Jasna Gora and solemnly invoked Our Lady's aid. Then, after receiving the blessing before the image of Our Lady, the King set out to lead his army to a great victory. The banners and other tokens of victory captured from the enemy were sent by him to be placed before the holy image of Our Lady. Thus a custom was started that has been observed by other victorious generals, until now the shrine is a veritable museum of captured standards and banners. In the year 1920, shortly after the great World War, the Miracle of the Vistula is ascribed to Our Lady. The Bolshevik armies, inflamed by victory after victory, were sweeping toward Warsaw in their march against Christianity and civilization. The cause of Poland



Courtesy Polish Information Bureau  
Sixteenth Century Wooden Church in Poland

seemed lost. But Our Lady came to the rescue. A vastly inferior force composed mostly of youths, but with her banners waving before them and with hymns of praise to her on their lips, completely routed the invading armies.

#### DESECRATION AND MUTILATION

During all these stirring historical events the miraculous picture on Jasna Gora did not escape desecration and mutilation. About the year 1430 the surrounding country was plundered by a Bohemian Hussite army. They seized the monastery, murdered some of the monks and tore the holy picture from the altar with the intention of carrying it off. Our Lady, however, in seemingly miraculous manner once more manifested her intention of remaining on Jasna Gora. Finding themselves unable to carry off the picture, the godless plunderers, blinded with fury, slashed it with their sabers and threw it violently from the wagon, breaking it into three pieces. Marks of this violence are clearly distinguished to this day.

In 1909 the holy picture was again subjected to sacrilege when vandals tore off the crowns and "over-dress" of pearls that adorned it, taking at the same time all the costly votive offering and ornaments from the altar. This sacrilegious act caused the clients of Our Lady great sorrow, but they were consoled when Pope Pius XI, in 1910, furnished new crowns for the holy images.

Truly, this picture has been preserved in a most remarkable way. It has survived attacks and bombardments by the Tartars, Swedes, Hussites and Russians; three times fire, which enveloped and destroyed large parts of the shrine, threatened its destruction; during times of invasion by foreign powers many churches were stripped of all valuables and metals and even the monastery on Jasna Gora was forced to give up its endowments and precious votives, but the shrine itself was respected to the last. Even when orders were given for the confiscation of treasures at the shrine chapel, these orders, for various reasons, were never carried out. So it would seem that our Blessed Mother is watching over her miraculous picture that is inspiring such world-wide devotion to her



Official U.S. Navy Photo.

#### BISHOP CONFIRMS BLUEJACKETS

SAMPSON, N. Y.—More than 300 bluejackets from Roman Catholic dioceses in six New England states are shown being confirmed in Chidwick Chapel at this U. S. Naval Training Center by the Most Reverend James E. Kearney, Bishop of Rochester. In the photo, left to right, the Reverend Lawrence B. Casey, of Rochester, Bishop Kearney, and Lt. Comdr. J. J. McGowan, Chaplain's Corps, USNR, of Lowell, Mass. Officers shown in picture acted as sponsors.

as Our Lady of Czestochowa—Queen of Catholic Action.

#### HONORS AND PRIVILEGES

Besides honoring the holy picture in a special manner by crowning it, the Holy See has enriched the shrine on Jasna Gora with many privileges. Pope after Pope has granted new spiritual favors to pious pilgrims making their way to Czestochowa. In many of the major basilicas of the world, such as the Vatican, St. Mary Major in Rome, and at Loreto, are stationed Apostolic Penitentiaries who possess extensive faculties for the absolving of sins and the changing of vows. In 1493, Pope Alexander VI granted the shrine at Jasna Gora the privilege of having four Apostolic Penitentiaries. Pope Urban VIII, in 1625, not only confirmed by a bull the decree of Pope Alexander VI, but specifically granted the apostolic penitentiaries on Jasna Gora the privileges enjoyed by the apostolic penitentiaries at all other basilicas and especially of those at the basilica of the Holy House of the Blessed Virgin at Loreto. Pope Clement XI commissioned that the picture be crowned, which was done amidst great splendor and ceremony on Sept. 8, 1717, the



crowns of gold having been sent from Rome. On that day, besides many dignitaries and bishops, over 750 priests celebrated Mass at the shrine and churches of Czestochowa. During the octave of this celebration over 148,000 people received Holy Communion at the shrine alone, no count being taken of those who received in the three churches in Czestochowa. In 1751, the Capitulars of the Basilica of St. Mary Major, in Rome, with the approval and confirmation of Pope Benedict XIV, granted to all who visit the shrine on Jasna Gora all the indulgences granted to those who visit the Basilica of St. Mary Major itself. On the strength of this privilege, the shrine is united with and shares in all the graces, prayers, and indulgences of the Basilica of St. Mary Major. The decree granting this privilege is for all time. Many plenary and partial indulgences have been granted to pilgrims who visit the shrine on certain feastdays of the year. In 1817 Pope Pius VII granted a plenary indulgence to any pilgrim who visits Jasna Gora and while there receives the Sacraments and prays for the Church. In 1906 Pope Pius V established the Feast of Our Lady of Czestochowa as one of the first class with an octave. He also prescribed a Mass and Office in honor of Our Lady of Czestochowa. This Feast is observed on Jasna Gora on August 26.

This image of our Blessed Mother with her divine Child was especially dear to our late Holy Father, Pius XI, who made three visits to the shrine when he was Papal Nuncio to Poland. The chapel of the restored Castel Gondolfo was dedicated by him to Our Lady of Czestochowa. In 1931, as further proof of his devotion, he approved the Mass and Office in honor of Our Lady of Czestochowa and during his pontificate granted many other privileges to this shrine.

#### UNIVERSAL APPEAL

During its history of over 550 years on Jasna Gora, this miraculous picture has been venerated by countless dignitaries of Church and State. Every Papal Nuncio, every Bishop and every Ruler of Poland has made official visits to Jasna Gora on taking office. Many rulers of other nations have paid their respects to this world famous shrine, as have countless Bishops and pilgrimages from almost every country in Europe and, in recent years, from Jerusalem and the Americas. On several occasions of special ceremony the clergy present alone numbered 500 or more while the pilgrims ranged from several hundred thousand to half a million.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURE

The picture itself is painted on a cypress panel. The image of the Virgin is in half figure. The face is oval and of tan color, as is that of the Child. Eyebrows are black. The faces of both the Virgin and Child have been darkened through the centuries by smoke from candles and incense. The Virgin's mantle is black, with crimson lining and gold edging, decorated with fine fleur-de-lis. The Christ-child is in full figure, resting on the left arm of Our Lady. The face is full. In His left hand, resting on His knees, the Child holds a four-cornered object. The right hand is elevated as though imparting a blessing. His robe is red with a gold pattern and edged with a gold band. The background of the picture is green.

On the restoration of the picture by the best artists of the time, after its desecration by the Husites in 1430, all efforts to cover the saber cuts were of no avail. It was therefore taken as a sign that they were to remain for all time. At this time the back-ground was covered with a gold plated sheet of silver on which are carved representations of the Nativity, the Crowning with Thorns, the Annunciation, the Scourging and St. Barbara. The Virgin and Child are adorned with heavy crowns of gold studded with jewels and supported by angels. There are three immensely valuable sets of "overdress" which are covered with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and other precious stones. These are changed during the year. Each precious jewel, each pearl, expresses the piety and gratefulness of Our Lady's clients, or remind her of some petition made to her. Kings, Nobles, Bishops and the poor have contributed individually and collectively to adorn Her and the Divine Child fittingly and in this way to express their filial devotion.

The painting in the shrine at Eureka, Missouri, was brought to this Country by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis A. Pudlowski, of St. Louis, in 1927, when he visited the world famous Shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa, in Poland. It is one of three painted by the well-known Polish painter, Rutkowski, while he was staying at the Shrine. One painting was presented to Pope Pius XI, while he was legate to Poland; the second to the Polish statesman, Marshal Joseph Pilsudski; Monsignor Pudlowski was fortunate in procuring the third painting. The painting is a very faithful reproduction of the original Miraculous picture and a fine work of art of great value.



## A Discussion of the book....

# "Three Religious Rebels"

Gualbert Brunsman, O.S.B.

**A**NOTHER book has flowed out of the well-stocked ink-well of Father Raymond, O.C.S.O., Trappist, Ky. With a style that portrays unusual spirit he carries his reader back over the centuries to times when Monasticism was undergoing a crisis, when Feudalism was all on the march, when even the Church was all but dominated by its powerful encroachments. When Popes and Bishops of the Church were thus beset, the monastic world could hardly have escaped its meshes entirely. The glitter of knighthood and lordship sometimes over-stepped the bounds of propriety in ecclesiastical matters. Ecclesiastical institutions, as well as the Church herself became victims of unholy greed. With the outer walls of the Church thus infected, the inner sanctum could scarcely have remained without harm.

There were lights, though, which shone in the darkness. The three great Abbots, Saint Robert of

Molesme, Alberic, and Stephen Harding had a definite role to play in breaking the hump of the trouble. The Order which they brought into being is the answer. Neither they nor their Order need vindication in the eyes of the Church.

Father Raymond's book does not attempt a vindication. His aim is merely to popularize the lives of these three saints, as well as the Order which they founded. He tells their story in brilliant, imaginative dialogue, which though brilliant and imaginative could have been told in fewer words. One wonders whether historicity, if not so much in point of fact, as in the impression it creates, does not suffer.

History is a tyrannical thing. No matter how absorbed one may become in one or other of her stages of progress, the other stages still remain there. History waits for no man, she is still in the making. Institutions that have weathered well and grown stainlessly old are few

indeed. Yet, there are such which have shone and after having shed luster, have burned out. Others have fared ill after only a short glow of radiance, because of environment or combinations of men who lived in them. This is true also of the monastic institutions which have dotted the face of the earth. Without a doubt, the Abbey of Cluny and its dependent Abbeys has a history which is resplendent and without rival within the Church. For five centuries she stood out as an almost solitary beacon of light in the world of darkness. She was not only the cradle of holiness but also the mother of the Church, not only in France but also in the whole of Christendom. She gave Popes and Princes of the Church to a torn world. When the rottenness of simony lay like a putrefaction on the face of the Church, Cluny remained clean. Cluny's integrity as a mold of saints lasted well into the thirteenth century.



## Preface for Lent

Illustration by Gerard Rooney

**"W**e give thanks to Thee, O Lord, Who by the fasting of the body dost curb our vices, elevate our minds, and bestow virtue and reward; through Christ our Lord."

The figure of the priest is used to represent the church militant, penitential, signed with holy ashes, vested in violet, and fasting, like her holy founder, Christ, in the desert of the world.

Satan, under the guise of a serpent tempts her, promising bread

from the surrounding stones, in return for adoration.

The church, lifting her heart to Almighty God, ignores Satan's rash promise, finding refuge and reward in a heavenly home.

The Hebrew characters in the glory surrounding the figure of the church, are "ADONAI," i.e., the Lord, Whose name Jahve, as revealed by God to Moses (Exod. 3: 13-15), was considered too sacred to be pronounced or written in ancient times by the Jewish peoples.

An institution almost as vast as the Church herself ultimately found that her very vastness was the source of her weakness. That there were human weaknesses and decline, and later, abuses, cannot be surprising because she was a human institution. Yet, one must be fair in criticising an institution which for so long had a glorious history. One must not condemn the practices of an institution historically in advance of the actual time that those practices became blameworthy, especially when that condemnation is based on a subjective interpretation of its basic norm. The basic norm for any Benedictine Monastery is the Holy Rule of Saint Benedict. When this Rule is handed to a Benedictine Monastery it is given to the monks of that century, together with Constitutions and Regulations by the highest authority in the Church, from which no man may subtract anything nor add thereto except in the inner sanctum of each one's conscience by way of personal mortification. No one will say that what things the Church thinks fit for a body of Religious are mitigations, nor much less abuses, any more than what an individual monk does in the way of personal piety can be condemned so long as he remains within obedience and prudence. Nor is the spirit of the Rule changed by the toleration of minor changes which a local Abbot may deem necessary due to passing or fixed circumstances when he acts by the liberty which the Rule gives him according to the mind of the Church. Under the Church, by the interpretation of the Rule, the Abbot is the living Rule in his own community. Anything which departs from the written Rule and the living Rule becomes an abuse. This is especially true when monks depart from such vital laws as silence, obedience, poverty and the laws of fasting. Cluny in the eleventh century was far from being lax. She was even then making saints. She was big with age. Her expanse was her constant source of care. Her large estates with their serf-labor problems were a burden to her. But her mission was to take hold on that problem and recreate in

Christ the masses of men she influenced.

Masses of people there will always be, masses who never seem to rise above a certain level. There has never been a utopian social equality. The liberation of these masses from the oppression of the mighty has disturbed society ever since the human family has been big enough to exercise such oppression. The task of the Church has always been to free men from the evils consequent upon such oppression, as well as to minimize it as much as possible by instilling the charity of Christ into both sides of the human society. When the motives of our holy religion dominate honest labor there ceases to be oppression. Exploitation of the masses has always been the cause of oppression with an ever greater increase of poverty and social inequality. One is not ready to admit that the Church has ever had within her bosom institutions of outstanding renown which have increased the exploitation of the poor. Much less can we think of the influence which Cluny exerted save as having given employment to great numbers and thus placing thousands under the mantle of her charity and that of Christ, she undoubtedly made their lives infinitely richer than they could have been under the employment of worldly lords. This large-scale relief from oppression far outweighed, one would think, and counter-balanced any hurt the monastic discipline could have sustained from so worthy a work of charity. At the same time, Catholic social influence was spreading Christ's work among many thousands. Had the monastic Order tried to incorporate these serfs into their monasteries in any great numbers they would have inflicted graver harm on themselves than the good that was being accomplished. Or, had they reduced their landed estates to a necessary minimum, they would either have ceased to influence the masses or, by admitting a few as Lay-brothers, would have made themselves subject to the suspicion of resorting to a practical means of seeking a cheap livelihood. One is not ready to make judgment either as to the motives monasteries would have had in receiving these

men as Laybrothers, and of what value they would have been as Religious, being prohibited from joining in the prayer life of the community by urgent work.

The Monks of Saint Benedict have from the time of Saint Gregory the Great (and this takes us to the very cradle) been a body of men largely engaged in the spiritual, and for that matter, material welfare of the men of the locality in which they found themselves. Works of a definitely missionary nature have always provided monastic families with a means of reaching the satisfaction of their ideals, provided their monastic life was not neglected.

The problem of work has always been a crux in Benedictine Monasteries. The institution of Lay-brothers seems too easy a solution to have hit the sore spot squarely, especially when we see that, due to the urgency of work, their spiritual as well as mental development was so likely to be neglected. When this was true, the institution of Lay-brothers invariably led to trouble and relaxation.

The law of labor rests on all the children of Adam. When a man refuses to work through laziness or self-indulgence, he is in some sense denying the consequences of Original sin. He is a shiftless member of Christ's Mystical Body—sheer dead-weight. What Saint Benedict says about the exceptional labor, that of harvesting the crops, does not mean to imply that other tasks are less fitting for monks. In fact, if Lay-brothers were brought into existence to do this labor (agriculture) so that all the choir-monks could attend the Liturgical Prayer, it would seem that such work is not the work of monks at all, which is false. Labor of its nature tends to stabilize a monastery. In a monastery of any size there will be various types of labor, some light, others more heavy. Willingness and love of labor are a healthy sign that all members are striking a holy equilibrium. It is only natural that the more arduous tasks be assigned to the Brothers, and yet, there are certain arduous works, although not necessarily of a strictly manual nature, for which Brothers may and need not be

equipped. Teaching youth often is a task which is more brow-wrinkling than many another. And yet, who knows whether such labor may not be as pleasing to God as one in which a monk's hands become hard. Judging from the nature of the object on which labor is expended, one would think that training young men in the paths of godliness is more beneficial to a monastery than making cheese or raising ducks, although the former will prove more distracting. Yet, the motivation of labor rests with God. Let no one judge. "Let him think that he is a worthless servant." (Holy Rule). Humility in work shall demonstrate the value of it. The measure of godliness of each work is not the measure of physical expenditure of muscular strength, but the amount of glory it brings to Christ. Only then is labor an aid to contemplation. One does not find his work next to a rose bed. It takes one into the pits of the earth as well as into the halls of schools where the young are, as so many green sticks to be pruned into branches of the True Vine. No one should be too willing to say that agriculture is more monastic in the results it produces than the work of bringing youth to spiritual manhood when that work is accompanied with high motives, even if the usual distractions that such work brings, rob one of the more sensible contemplation of divine things. The sacrifice of this, if properly understood, will without doubt not go without its reward. Comparisons always carry a certain amount of odium. One would not think that they should be insisted on as a basis of condemning any labor as unmonastic, or as productive of a loss of spirit, especially when the cause of Christ is forwarded by both one and the other. It is true that more rustic surroundings and poverty of dwelling engender contemplation more easily. And we do admit that life in a more numerous community, amid more buildings is more difficult, but that this circumstance leads to relaxation inevitably is not admitted. A given monk may become school-minded (in the worldly sense) whereas another who is occupied in agricultural work may become potato-minded as well. Whereas the same God who is

contemplated in the beauty of a colorful leaf on one of God's trees can also be contemplated in the beauty of one of God's houses, which is the work of hands of his creatures, although the contemplation of God in the former is more direct than in the latter. A same employment of artistic skill in the beautification of our earthly surroundings is admitted by all as a means of arousing our sensibilities to the



realization of the divine Presence. Mother Church treats her children like that. Abuses in poverty with regard to monastic buildings do not mean that we should condemn the use of earthly materials in proper measure, even if these materials are artistically well chosen or arranged. Sometimes we insult the work of God's hand by arranging it hideously. Thus, even when a material is not so noble, it can with skillful employment serve a very high cause, and become ennobled by the use. Men have erred variously in the em-

ployment of materials for building even God's House. The employment of too much material or not enough, or the wrong kind, or in a wrong way may, in turn, give impressions of grandioseness, dinginess, gingerbread or unstableness in a given building. When a building violates these fundamental laws it creates one of these impressions which unconsciously offends the sensibility of men who had a right to be elevated to God by it. If it answers true to these laws it is said to be beautiful. Thus it is that each century has a way of telling us something of the men who lived in it. The eleventh century is no exception; in fact, it is a faithful picture of all that is most true in pure architecture. Anyone who has studied the Cluniac buildings knows that in employing architecture that was living and brim-full of spirit the monks have much to tell us of stability and honesty.

If we look with deeper penetration at that period of the history of the Church in which Cluny's life flowed into the whole Church, we can without artificial magnification see the deep and underlying spirit of the Rule of Saint Benedict. We cannot glory in mere history. History was made also when the Black Monks, as well as the Cistercian Reform saw decline. Both must strike their breasts as that ever present worm of time and that more destructive beast—the weakness of man, ate his way to the marrow of the bone. But history is not unkind; she leaves the book open. She is always writing on and on. Let us not shut our eyes to it, but live and live fully in the place where God's good providence has placed us.

The Cistercians need no vindication. They have made a glorious name before God and men. They have a holy life, a sublime vocation. One conclusion, though, I have come to is this: The author of *Three Religious Rebels* has put too much icing on the cake. People may forget that the cake is there. Amid flowers and colored leaves, he has buried too many historical facts. He has made the three great saints live in his openly concealed dialogue, but I believe that he has lived his ideals into them a little too much.

## ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

AS A RESULT of the accelerated class schedule in the seminary, we had the unusual experience of ordinations in February this year. Of the large class of 38 to be ordained at this time, only the three Indianapolis Deacons: the Reverend Messrs. Andrew Diezeman, John Sciarra, and Ernest Strahl; the five Brothers of Mary of the St. Louis Province: Charles O'Neill, S.M., Paul Ryan, S.M., George Scherrer, S.M., Louis Blume, S.M., and James Young, S.M.; and the eight Abbey Clerics received the priesthood on February 2, at St. Meinrad. All the other members of the class were ordained by their respective bishops at various places and at different times. One interesting fact connected with the ordinations was that here in Indiana there were four ordinations by four bishops in four different churches, all on the same day—February 2. This was a result of the recent division of the Indiana dioceses and the erection of the two new bishoprics.

The eight clerics of the Abbey who were among those ordained priests are: Fathers Alan Berndt, Alban Berling, Athanasius Ballard, Fabian Frieders, Eric Lies, Nicholas Schmidt, Bartholomew Fuerst, and Edwin Miller.

Father Alan Berndt, O.S.B., the senior of the group, offered his first Solemn Mass at St. Matthew's Church, South Bend, Ind., on Sunday, February 4. Born in South Bend on March 15, 1920, he completed his elementary schooling at St. Matthew's School before coming to St. Meinrad. After spending six years in the Minor Seminary he entered the monastic novitiate and was

professed as a Benedictine monk on August 6, 1940.

Father Alban Berling, O.S.B., was born in Bluffton, Indiana, on December 13, 1919. In 1927 his family moved to Indianapolis where he attended St. Joan of Arc School. Coming to St. Meinrad in 1933, he spent six years in the Minor Seminary. In 1939 he was invested with the religious habit of the Order of St. Benedict, and subsequently pronounced his simple and solemn vows. His first Solemn Mass was offered in St. Joan of Arc Church at 11 o'clock on February 11. The Rev. Clement Bosler, pastor, acted as archpriest; the Rev. Adelbert Buscher, O.S.B., served as deacon; and the Rev. Bartholomew Fuerst, O.S.B., as subdeacon. The Rev. Vincent Ehinger, C.P., an uncle of Father Alban, preached the sermon.

Father Athanasius Ballard, O.S.B., is one of the three Kentuckians ordained for the Abbey this year. Father was born in Bardstown, Ky., on March 27, 1916, and later moved to Louisville, where he became a member of St. Cecilia's parish. His entire Minor Seminary education was received at St. Meinrad before he entered the Abbey as a novice on August 5, 1939. Father



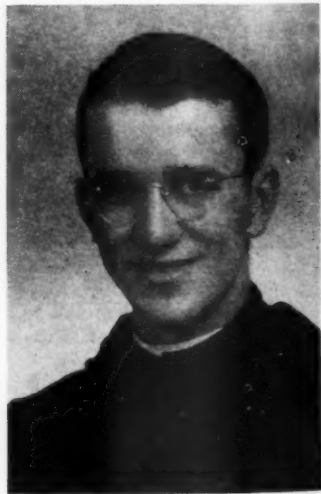
Father Alban Berling, O.S.B.



Father Alan Berndt, O.S.B.



Father Athanasius Ballard, O.S.B.



Father Fabian Frieders, O.S.B.

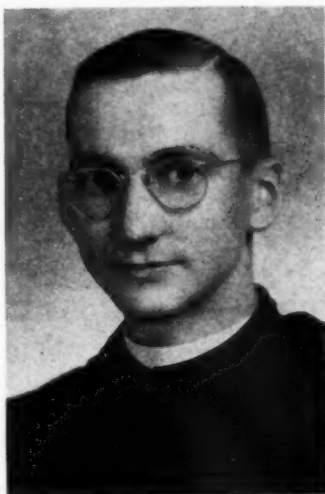


Athanasius's first Solemn Mass was celebrated at St. Cecilia's Church, Louisville, on Sexagesima Sunday, February 4, at 9:00 A.M. He was assisted by the Rev. Edward A. Waechter, C.R., pastor, as archpriest; the Rev. Joseph Bowling, a cousin, as deacon; and the Rev. Hubert Hagan, as subdeacon. The Rev. Ernest Shoemaker, C.R., was master of ceremonies. This first Mass had the unusual feature of a sermon in sign language in addition to the regular sermon. Father's parents are both deaf-mutes, and a number of deaf-mutes attended the celebration. The first sermon was delivered by the Rev. Joseph Newman, and the sermon in sign language by the Rev. Daniel D. Higgins, C.S.S.R.

Father Fabian Frieders, O.S.B., was born in Aurora, Illinois, July 13, 1919. After completing his elementary schooling at Aurora, he entered Marmion Military Academy, where he came under the influence of the Benedictine Fathers from St. Meinrad. After a year at Marmion he decided to study for the Benedictine priesthood, and so came to St. Meinrad to complete his high school course and junior college work. In August 1939 he became a novice and the following year made his triennial vows. He made solemn vows on February 4, 1944. Father

Fabian offered his first Solemn Mass at St. Nicholas Church in Aurora, Ill., on Sunday, February 4.

Father Eric Lies, O.S.B., is also from Aurora, Ill., where he was born on October 10, 1919. After attending parochial grade school and Marmion High School he came to St. Meinrad to pursue studies for the priesthood. In August, 1939, he entered the monastery at St. Meinrad. His first Solemn Mass was celebrated at Our Lady of Good Counsel

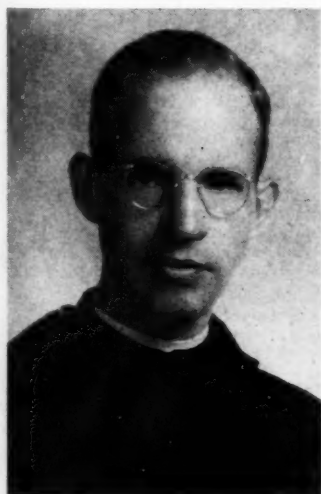


Father Nicholas Schmidt, O.S.B.

Church, Aurora, Ill., on Sunday, February 11. Father Walter Sullivan, O.S.B., preached at the Mass.

Father Nicholas Schmidt, O.S.B., celebrated his first Solemn Mass at Louisville, Ky., in St. Elizabeth's Church, on February 4. Assisting him at the Mass were the pastor, the Rev. John Dudine, as archpriest; the Rev. John Bankowski as deacon; and the Rev. Edmund Morthorst, O.S.B., as subdeacon. The sermon was preached by the Rev. John Knue. Brother Augustine, O.S.B., a brother of the celebrant, was master of ceremonies. Father Nicholas is a native of Louisville, Ky. It was there that he received his elementary education as well as two years of high school before entering St. Meinrad Seminary in 1935. On completing his studies in the Minor Seminary he entered the Order of St. Benedict and subsequently pronounced his solemn vows as a monk of St. Meinrad's Abbey. He has a brother at St. Meinrad, Brother Augustine, O.S.B., and two sisters who are Benedictine nuns, Sister Angelica, O.S.B., and Sister Majella, O.S.B.

Father Bartholomew Fuerst, O.S.B., was born and baptized in the parish of St. Patrick in Indianapolis. The whole of his elementary schooling was gained under the direction



Father Eric Lies, O.S.B.



Father Bartholomew Fuerst, O.S.B.



Father Edwin Miller, O.S.B.

of the Sisters of Providence at St. Joan of Arc School. After graduation he entered Cathedral High School where he pursued his studies for two years. In 1935 he came to St. Meinrad. On February 4, 1944, he was solemnly professed as a Benedictine monk. His first Solemn Mass was celebrated on February 4, 1945, at St. Joan of Arc Church at 11 o'clock. The Rev. Meinrad Hoffman, O.S.B., preached the sermon. Assisting at the Mass were the pastor, the Rev. Clement Bosler, the newly ordained's brother, the Rev. Adrian Fuerst, O.S.B., and a cousin, the Rev. Theodoric Kernel, O.F.M.

Father Edwin Miller, O.S.B., celebrated his first Solemn Mass at St. Philip Neri's Church, Louisville, Ky., on the Sunday following his ordination to the priesthood. Father is a native of Louisville, but attended the St. Joseph Parochial School at Dale, Ind., and Dale High School. He entered St. Meinrad Minor Seminary in 1936 and three years later became a Benedictine monk. The archpriest

for the Mass was the pastor, the Rev. Edward Reavy. Fathers James French, John Davis, and Francis Hannifin were deacon, subdeacon, and master of ceremonies respectively. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. James Reed, O.S.B.

Members of the class and where and when their ordinations are scheduled follows:

#### At St. Meinrad

Ordination Feb. 2—The Rev. Andrew Diezeman, the Rev. John Sciarra, the Rev. Ernest Strahl, all of the archdiocese of Indianapolis.

The Rev. Louis Blume, the Rev. Charles O'Neill, the Rev. Paul Ryan, the Rev. George Scherrer, the Rev. James A. Young, all of the western province of Marianists.

#### At Lafayette

Feb. 2 at Lafayette—The Rev. Charles Muller, the Rev. Donald Hardebeck, the Rev. George Lanning

and the Rev. Richard Puetz, of the diocese of Lafayette.

Jan. 25 at New York—The Rev. Eugene Quinn and the Rev. Vincent Ryan, of the diocese of Wichita, Kans.

Feb. 24 at Belleville, Ill.—The Rev. Leonard Goewert and the Rev. Glennon Sims, of the Belleville diocese.

Feb. 24 at Owensboro—The Rev. Ernest Willett of the Owensboro diocese; at Louisville, the Rev. Francis Hannifin of the Louisville diocese.

Feb. 24 at Cincinnati—The Rev. Bertrand Clements, the Rev. Francis Gerber and the Rev. Bernard Horst, of the eastern province of Marianists, at Columbus, O.—The Rev. Elmer Boyden, of the Columbus diocese.

Jan. 6 at Rock Hill, S. C.—The Rev. John Nedley, the Rev. H. Joseph Richmond, the Rev. Edward Wahl and the Rev. Francis X. Winum, all of the Congregation of the Oratory.



# GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



"Do not weep for me."  
St. Luke 23:28.

## SYMPHONIC SYMPATHY

**S**UFFERING and sorrow are the sharps and flats in the ascending and descending scale of human life. Sin caused the first discord of man's harmonious, God-attuned will and life. Since then fugues of pain have been twinged from the twitching sinews of the human frame and dirges of deep suffering from the strings of delicate sensitiveness of the racked soul. Intense bodily suffering and acute soul-agony reached their breaking climax in Jesus on the Cross, Who, in his plaintive cry to His Heavenly Father, revealed man's keenest suffering—that of utter desolation. Suffering is well-nigh unbearable if the afflicted one feels that no one cares. Just here is where sincere sympathy offers first aid and finds a responsive chord in the soul of the sufferer.

A look, a word, a tear, a gentle hand laid on a burning brow, show that someone "suffers with" the desolate, despairing soul. Sympathy has been a true restorer of life and health where other human remedies have failed. For a spark of determination lighted in that black oasis of the soul, and a note of cheer sounded throughout its bleak desert have caused the sufferer to cry—"I'll stick it out; I'll hurdle this barrier; I'll bear it and—grin!"

Sympathy does more than that. When you "suffer with" your fellowmen, you forget your own little pains. Sympathy for others means forgetfulness of self, which means the eventual death of selfishness; the cause of most of our troubles. Hence it is the best first aid you can give to others and to yourself.

# The Reform of Church Music

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

## CHAPTER FOUR

FOR sixteen hundred years the Church took great pride in her music. She developed it most lovingly, until her "indolent and unappreciative children" became indifferent to its beauty, and then sharing all the fluctuations of European taste, it fell before the levity of the eighteenth century, so much so that Mr. Blackburn, writing in the *Chord*, says: "As a rule the art of music is not only neglected, but is disgraced and dishonored" in the Catholic Church. Her average musical performance all over the world is deplorably inartistic and vulgar. Pugin calls it "a perfect mockery." These are harsh words to the ears of devoted Catholics, but facts are stubborn things. Vatican Encyclicals, Bulls and Briefs, Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites and of General Councils, especially that of Trent, bear oft-repeated witness to the Church's consternation at the debasement of her musical art.

But almost simultaneous with the invasion of the sentimentality and passion in musical disguise, there has sounded the call to arms, and there has been an unrelenting battle to expel these subversive forces. Early in the nineteenth century this reaction set in. Masters of music were already returning to the lost taste and spirit of the sixteenth century and it is the history of this awakening that this chapter purposes to give. Divine Providence has in every period of the world raised up just the men whom the times needed. It was not chance that gave birth to Benedict of Nursia in 480, or raised Hildebrand to the Papacy in 1073. So there appeared at this critical moment a few earnest minds that fully realized the harm theatricalism was working on public worship and were able to resist its glamor.

Caspar Ett, organist at Saint Michael's Hofkirche in Munich from 1816 to 1847, conceived the idea of reviving the works of the ecclesiastical Italian Masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He worked consistently and to good effect, though his influence was but local. The real founder of the agitation in Germany was Doctor Karl Proske, a military surgeon, who from the time of his ordination to the priesthood in 1826, devoted his whole life to the restoration of the great music treasures of the Golden Age of polyphony, which he rescued from the dusty archives of

the libraries in Germany and Italy, especially those of Rome, Assisi, Naples, Florence, Pistoja, and Bologna, and published under the title of "Musica Divina." Supported by the Bishop of Ratisbon and under the protection and direct encouragement of the King of Bavaria, Ludwig founded the Music School of Ratisbon, which proved to be a real means of resuscitating an interest in and a taste for the authentic music of the Church. The reform now began to assume the tangible form with the approbation by the Holy See of the "Saint Cecilia Society" on December 16, 1870, under Doctor Frank Witt, its first President.

In the person of Angelo De Santi, Church music was given another heroic defender, heroic because he suffered much for his cause, who was well fitted out by nature for the task before him. Born in Trieste in 1847, he entered the Society of Jesus at the age of sixteen. Shortly after his ordination in 1877 he was called to Rome by Leo XIII and placed in charge of the music at the Vatican Seminary. This apparently insignificant appointment was destined to be one of the most important factors in the restoration of Church Music, for the possessor of a facile pen, Father De Santi set himself to the task of an educational campaign, using as an organ "Civiltà Cattolica." He trained a choir at the seminary to sing Palestrina with such grace that eminent musicians came to Rome to hear it. He was the first in Rome to sing the restored Gregorian melodies in their original purity as he was the first to abandon the Medicean Gradual for that of Solesmes. Besides his work at Rome, Father De Santi kept alive his interest in the movement throughout Italy, where the success in Germany soon attracted attention. To follow up this opportunity the Sacred Congregation of Rites in 1844 directed to all Bishops of Italy a "Regulation of Sacred Music." While the time was not yet ripe for these measures to have the intended effect on the priests and people, still it was of the utmost importance to gain Italy if the Reform was not to remain localized in France and Germany. Italy would react on Rome and in Rome was the machinery to give the impulse necessary to spread the movement to the universal Church. It was in this field that Father De Santi distinguished himself. He presided at the Congress held at Savio in 1889. He was the prime

mover in the centenary of Saint Gregory celebrated in 1891, was influential in the convoking of a congress at Milan and another at Mantua in 1897. In 1911 he opened a college of Music in Rome similar to Ratisbon, and in 1914 the Pope conferred on it the title of "Pontifical." In 1909 he was elected President of the Italian "Society of Saint Cecilia" to succeed Dom Ambrogio Amelli of Monte Cassino, which office he retained until his death in 1922.

All honor to Germany and Italy for the undertaking of this reform, but in the outcome it was France that was to restore to the Church that music for which she had such a justly-founded predilection—the Gregorian Chant. The Benedictine Order has always been known for a great love of the sacred liturgy, and it was this love planted in the hearts of a few zealous monks of Solesmes, France, that led to the discovery and restoration of the Church's authentic music. When in 1833, Dom Gueranger, with four fellow monks, first settled in the long deserted monastery of Solesmes, in the diocese of Le Mans, they were not adequately supplied either with breviaries or chant books for use in common, in the choir, but were forced to content themselves with a few odd copies of the plain chant which belonged to the seventeenth century. The many discrepancies in these few volumes showed that the true Gregorian melodies had been tampered with and the original had been replaced by a garbled form. This led Gueranger to a determination to discover the authentic chant and to restore it to his monastery.

Accordingly he singled out Dom Jausions, and later Dom Pothier, to get busy in the libraries of the great cities of Paris, Le Mans, Angers, etc., to carry on studies of a rigidly scientific nature. The monks of Solesmes journeyed all over Europe visiting monastic libraries and photographing the ancient manuscripts, sometimes entire codices, containing the old melodies with which the Church first clothed her liturgy. It must be remembered that only a part of these chants had ever been printed. Much of it had been lost, and what was not lost had to be released from an obtruse and obsolete system of notation, and the method of execution had to be restored under the uncertain guidance of tradition. To Dom Pothier is due the credit of having carried on, either personally or through assistants under his direction, the publication of the fruits of these labors in "Les Melodies Gregoriennes" which marks (1880) an epoch in the history of the chant. The *Graduale* and *Antiphonarium* were ready to print in 1866, but under the scrupulous supervision of Gueranger, Pothier spent many more years in comparing the manuscripts.

The *Graduale* appeared in 1883, the *Antiphonarium* in 1891. After all these years of intense study the monks proved that chant, as known and practiced in the first part of the nineteenth century, was but a debased counterfeit of a really beautiful and artistic original.

The election of Pius X in July, 1903, signalized the triumph of the true and the beautiful over the sensuous in church music. He had chosen as his papal motto: "To restore all things in Christ." And he began in the very sanctuary of the Church. On November 22, 1903, not four months after he became Pope, Pius X published the renowned *Motu Proprio* on Sacred Music. In it the efforts of the last fifty years towards restoring good Church music in various countries were praised, but the prevalent abuses, due to "passion and shameful ignorance," as the Pope himself described them, were likewise condemned. Though strongly recommending the polyphonic masters as well as approving proper modern Church music, he gave first place to Gregorian Chant, which alone of all music the Church has recognized as her one official chant. His motive was no mere aesthetic one, but a supremely spiritual one—to give back the Mass to the masses.

Pius X, therefore, welcomed and officially approved the labors of the Solesmes monks, and the Vatican edition, which was the fruit of their labors, was made the official edition of the Chant for the Catholic Church, and its use binding upon all the faithful. The zealous Pontiff likewise recommended, encouraged, and generously supported the establishment of commissions of Church music in Dioceses, insisted on the thorough training of candidates for the priesthood in courses of chant, and fostered the establishment of schools of sacred music on all sides.

"Pius X has restored the Gregorian Chant" were the words of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in 1904. Yet, twenty-five years later, Dec. 20, 1928, Pius XI, in his encyclical commemorating the Silver Jubilee of the *Motu Proprio*, was forced sadly enough to admit that "it is to be deplored that these most wise laws (of Pius X) in some places have not been fully observed, and therefore their intended results were not obtained." This latter document, the "Divini Cultus Sanctitatem," stressed in even more detail the necessity of congregational participation in singing the Mass if the Christian spirit, so desired by Pius X, were to flourish again in the nations.

Even in our own day—over forty years since the *Motu Proprio* appeared—the editor of the *Catholic Choirmaster* feels that Pope Pius XI's words quot-



ed above can still serve as a valid indictment of the fifteen years since he wrote them. Yes—"in some places"! But we must realize that since the issuing of the *Motu Proprio*, much has been accomplished towards realizing the ideals set up by that far-seeing document. For one thing, the seminaries have done an admirable work in preparing men not only to appreciate the Chant and Sacred Polyphony, but even filling them with the desire to teach it in their parishes and to give their congregations a full participation in the Sacred Mysteries through congregational singing.

In our own country the way had been blazed for the *Motu Proprio* by the forty years' work of the "American Caecilian Society," founder in 1873 at St. Francis, Wisconsin, by John B. Singenberger, who had come to St. Francis from Dr. Witt in Germany for this express purpose. As President of the Society and Editor of its official organ, "Caecilia," he accomplished much towards raising the standards of church music in the United States. The principles of the *Motu Proprio* were identical with the basic purposes of the Society. Following up the work of the Caecilian Societies in our country, "The Society of St. Gregory of America," approved by the Holy See in 1915, has for its purpose to keep its members fully informed on the progress of church music in the world and to supply informational and inspirational materials through its bulletin—*The Catholic Choirmaster*. In the summer of 1941 the "Pius X School of Liturgical Music" of New York City celebrated the Silver Jubilee of its founding. In the years of its splendid work outstanding names connected with it have been those of Mother Georgia Stevens, R.S.C.J., Dom Mocquereau of Solesmes, and Miss Justine B. Ward. Innumerable other similar experiments, more or less successful, have been set up for the training of teachers in the field of Sacred Music, for the development of directors and for the instruction of the clergy and laity in Gregorian Chant and the proper liturgical background.

Perhaps the most heartening point in all the efforts we have just enumerated is the insistence on the true motive and spirit of all genuine Church Music—the praise and glory of God and the salvation of souls. In a word, the emphasis on the proper liturgical orientation of both priests and people in their service at the altar has certainly given to the Apostolate of Sacred Music in our day the "true Christian spirit," which Pius X "with most ardent desire" wished the people to acquire "from its foremost and indispensable fount—the active participation in the most holy mysteries and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church."

By his *Motu Proprio* of November, 1903, this zealous reformer vindicated the majesty of Him into whose sanctuaries the passionate music of the age had been introduced. "From all sides and from all lands," says the Pope, "the universal cry for reform has reached our ears." His words are full of just indignation and reproach as he recalls the repeated orders from Rome. "Passion," he says, "has to do with this, and if not passion, shameful ignorance." By giving this reform a start in the very first year of his pontificate, Pius X showed how much he had this subject at heart. The *Motu Proprio* to which he wishes "the force of law to be given," and the "Scrupulous observance" of which he imposes on all, covers the same ground as the "Regolamento per la musica sacra" of Leo XIII, which was intended only for Italy. It inaugurates a new phase in the history of church music. By it the Holy Father excludes from the church all that savors of the world, by encouraging two kinds of ecclesiastical music, viz., chant, unjustly disregarded because not understood, and polyphony, which had been supplanted by a monophonic music, in most parts unsuited to Divine services. He excludes the singing of all solos which are not "bound up with the rest of the choral composition." "Women," the Encyclical says, "are incapable" of singing in the church, as that office is a strictly liturgical one. "Their parts must be taken by boys according to the most ancient usage of the Church."

The brevity of this treatise makes it necessary for us to limit ourselves to the execution of the *Motu Proprio*, in our own country, where the response was anything but spontaneous. In fact, three years after the promulgation of the *Motu Proprio*, a writer in the American Ecclesiastical Review wrote that he was "shocked at the lack of obedience towards its regulations manifested by our clergy . . . who have no wish to effect a reform and which they would be glad to postpone till the Greek calends." "In the Northeastern section of the country," says another writer, "the evidences of musical reform are painfully slim." In some instances the efforts at reform withered and perished and a more or less complete return to the old abuses ensued. The clergy and musicians were ill-prepared to face an ordinance so subversive of the existing conditions, and for this reason it was but natural to expect some hesitation and lack of enthusiastic response. It would be wrong and unfair to say that good will was lacking. Pastors knew what raw material they had at hand and the people's perverted tastes prejudiced them to the beauties of the chant. An unfamiliar order of music had to be introduced by a new kind of choir.

But while here and there discordant churchmen growled their disapproval, the younger clergy shook off the despondency of their elders with the enthusiasm of the young and took up the work of reform. Their musical training had been mainly, when not exclusively, along secular lines. Hence the real start had to be made in the seminaries and even in parochial schools. Maynooth in Ireland, Oscott in England took up the work and trained hundreds of priests in good church music. In Germany new Catholic life and strength sprang from the revival. The English and French Bishops issued decrees, and in Ireland diocesan commissions were formed. American Bishops in Council reminded their priests of their duties towards the Chant and individual Bishops have not been silent. Among those who made strenuous efforts along this line was Bishop Keiley of Savannah, for which he received a letter of commendation from the Holy Father in April, 1905. The Archdiocese of New York was notably prompt in complying with the document. In October, 1905, a male chorus was made the official choir of the Cathedral, and it has since been replaced by a choir of priests. Philadelphia followed immediately; Boston, Providence, Washing-

ton, Baltimore, and Chicago soon after. Today the liturgical, vested choir is becoming the rule rather than the exception in our larger cities, and in our smaller parishes chant is commonly sung by male choirs. Children of ten and twelve years are taught to sing the chant at sight with great accuracy, and thus into their young hearts is implanted good taste by familiarity with and studies of real Church Music.

The Gregorian forms are preserved especially in the traditions of the monastic schools, particularly in the Benedictine order, whence Saint Gregory first drew his inspirations. Thus at least before the war, in league with the Saint Cecilia Society were the great centers of Benedictine life, Solesmes in France, the direct heir of these traditions in so far as they have survived in the monastic orders, Beuron in Germany, St. Anselm in Rome, Maredsous in Belgium, Prague and Seckau in Austria, all endeavoring to revive what the Sacred Congregation of Rites and the Pontiffs for fifteen hundred years have often asserted to be the most proper and the only official music of the Catholic Church, the music truly worthy of her most sacred liturgy, the Gregorian Chant.

*(Continued from page 82)*

in managing recalcitrant prisoners.

Back, later, in the United States, we find her presently in Joliet Penitentiary. Next we hear of her in New Orleans, once more as the Baroness Rosenthal. This ends her public career. It is not known whether she is still alive.

"Dr." Henry Slade, the reputed inventor of "spirit slate writing," which was for so many years a gold mine for fake mediums, was not himself especially noted as a medium. He came into prominence only twice; once, owing to a criminal prosecution against him in England, and, at another time, because he completely befuddled a noted German scientist. But, though he was not exactly a star of the first magnitude himself, he lighted the way for the host of present-day "spirit slate writers," few of whom probably even know his name.

There are several makes of "magic slates." These, together with directions for their manipulation, may be procured at stores catering to magicians. They would furnish an interesting evening's entertainment. And, should the manipulator take his due credit for the sleight of hand, instead of giving the credit to disembodied spirits, so much the cleverer will he seem to be.

Nemesis, in the person of Harry Houdini, overtook many a fake medium. Some of these, to their further undoing, brought suits against him for

defamation of character. But this merely gave him opportunity to show publicly, with his skill as a trained magician, that he could duplicate, by quite natural means, the "manifestations" of the mediums. And, so convincing were his demonstrations, that the verdict of the court was always in his favor. He offered to wager any sum up to \$10,000, against an equal amount, to any medium who could produce a manifestation that he could not duplicate by natural means.

When a guest at a faculty dinner at Holy Cross College, Houdini outlined, in a talk, what he believed to be his life work—the exposing of fraudulent mediums: "Reverend Fathers, if I can save one human being from being driven insane or committing suicide during the year, because of the tricks practised by fraudulent mediums, then I have succeeded in my life work. I am subject to attack from all sides by these fraudulent mediums, and at times my life has been in danger. But so long as I have breath in my body, I shall continue to denounce them, to drive them out of business and prevent the public from being robbed, driven insane and murdered by them."

Houdini's chief investigator, his "girl-detective," Miss Rose Mackenberg, is now carrying on his good work of exposing crook mediums, and so saving many a too-trusting individual from heartache and despair. More power to her!

# BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Please find enclosed offering for my subscription to "The Grail." I promised my subscription and publication if Brother Meinrad obtained a special favor for me.

Mrs. G. B. B., Missouri

Am enclosing \$5.00 for two favors received concerning my daughter.

Mrs. J. P., Ohio

Please have one Mass offered for the glorification of Brother Meinrad for past favors granted through his intercession.

L. P., Ohio

Find enclosed an offering in honor of Brother Meinrad for having obtained a favor.

E. K., S. Dakota

Enclosed find ten dollars for Masses in Honor of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving for special favors obtained. I pray to him in many needs and he always grants my requests.

Mrs. F. W., Ill.

Enclosed please find an offering for a few leaflets with the prayer to Brother Meinrad. I have received many favors through his intercession, one of which was that my sister would regain her health after being ill for about five years.

M. M. D., New York

I am sending an offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad, Rose Ferron, and St. Anthony. I was paralyzed in one arm and after praying to them I am well again.

H. A. S., Missouri

I prayed to Brother Meinrad for a great favor and promised a Mass of thanksgiving and publication in "The Grail" if my prayers were

answered. I obtained my request.

Mrs. J. B., Ind.

Thank you sincerely for the relic of Brother Meinrad. As soon as I received it I applied it to my daughter, who had been suffering from convulsions. It is almost unbelievable the amount of relief she received. She is almost well now. I am enclosing an offering in thanksgiving.

Mrs. R. V. L., Illinois

Enclosed find an offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad. Our boy received employment during the Christmas season. He came home on Friday and went to work on Saturday morning. He also received inside work with better pay than before. We are thankful to Brother Meinrad.

L. S., Wis.

A small "Thank You" to Brother Meinrad for a favor received.

Mrs. J. T. K., Indiana

Enclosed is an offering in honor of Brother Meinrad for the many favors received through his and the Blessed Mother's intercession.

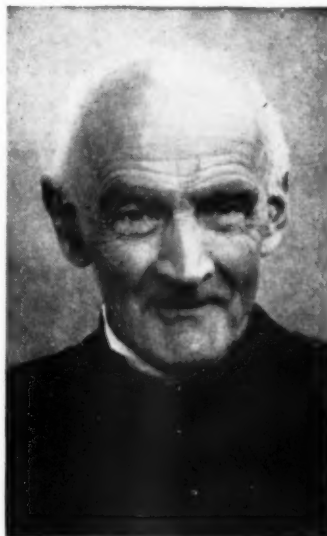
Mrs. W. K., Ind.

Will you please publish my thanks in "The Grail" for a very great favor received. We received financial help through prayers to Brother Meinrad.

K. B. C., Michigan

Enclosed find offering in thanksgiving to Mary Rose Ferron. A Sister gave me the Novena prayer and a relic of Mary Rose. On the sixth day of the novena I was greatly improved, having badly hurt my knee.

L. R. V., New York



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

## MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them into THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.



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